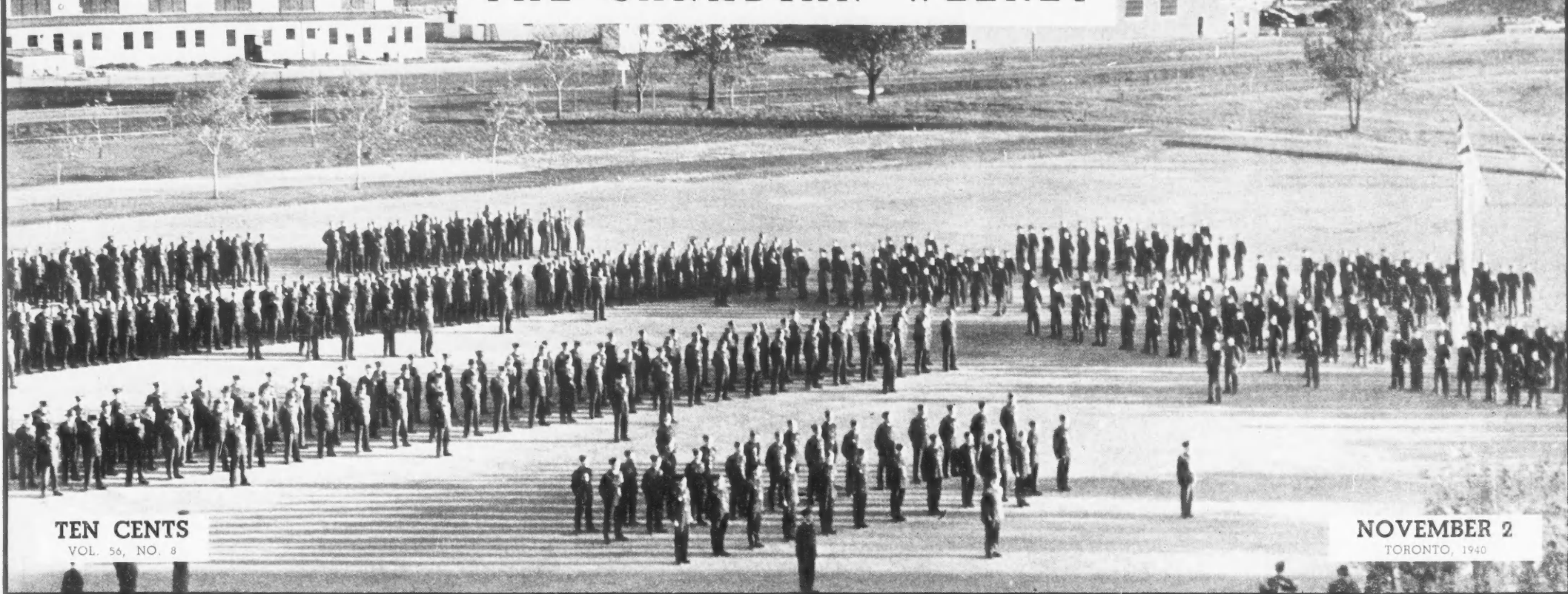


SATURDAY NIGHT

THE CANADIAN WEEKLY


 TEN CENTS
 VOL. 56, NO. 8

 NOVEMBER 2
 TORONTO, 1940

LAST WEEK AT TRENTON, ONTARIO, THE FIRST GROUP OF AIR OBSERVERS TO GRADUATE UNDER THE COMMONWEALTH AIR TRAINING PLAN RECEIVED THEIR BADGES OF EFFICIENCY

WE HAVE reiterated time and again in recent weeks, and Politicus reiterates this week on page fourteen, and we are now reiterating once more in the most conspicuous place in the columns of this weekly, that the session of Parliament which opens next week is one of the most momentous in the whole history of Confederation, and that the future of democracy in this British Dominion may largely hang upon the way in which the individual private members conduct themselves in it.

There is a strong and inevitable tendency on the part of any Government, in time of war, to become a sort of secret society in itself, rendering the least possible account to the public body, Parliament, which keeps it in power. In so far as secrecy is necessary for military reasons, nobody objects to this. In so far as secrecy is not necessary, the tendency should be resisted to the utmost, not merely because it is contrary to democratic principles, but because it is fatal, in the long run, to efficient prosecution of the war. It deprives the Government of the benefit of useful criticism, and it makes the citizen feel that the war is the Government's war and not his.

Only Parliament can fight this tendency, and only the private members can do the fighting.

Roosevelt or Willkie

BY THE time next week's SATURDAY NIGHT is out, the outcome of the big presidential fight across the border will be known. At this writing, the issue is more in doubt than it seemed a few weeks ago. Dr. Gallup's polls continue to give Mr. Roosevelt a substantial lead, though admitting recent gains by Willkie, while the Dunn Survey (also with a good past record, though run on a very different system from Gallup's) shows Willkie an easy winner.

If Roosevelt is the victor, the election analysts will probably decide that the war and defence issues and national reluctance to change horses in mid-stream were the factors responsible. If Willkie wins, it will be because the people were less afraid of Willkie's ability to handle world war and national defence satisfactorily than they were of continuing Roosevelt's national

The prize-winning Essays in Saturday Night's Competition for British Evacuee Children, on "My Impressions of Canada," will be found on page 10.

THE FRONT PAGE

socialism and New Deal. But as a matter of cold hard fact, national socialism will probably continue to advance, whichever wins, if only because it is part of a world movement from which the United States cannot isolate itself. The main difference would be that with Willkie in the White House and a Republican Congress, the U.S. trend to socialism would be slower and more cautious than with Roosevelt.

If there is anything in the theory that election results are largely determined by some emotion-stirring event in the days immediately preceding the voting, Mr. Willkie's friends should be very sorry that Mr. John L. Lewis did not pick Mr. Roosevelt as his candidate instead of Mr. Willkie. The Lewis declaration may turn out to have been the last event of the campaign to take a strong hold upon the public mind; and it was not calculated to make votes for the man it was intended to support. A certain instinct for dictatorship has been visible in Mr. Lewis ever since he himself became visible at all; and the

threat to wash his hands of the C.I.O. unless it allowed itself to be driven by his orders into the camp of one of the contending parties is about the most extreme manifestation he has given of that instinct.

Car Drivers and Health

IF IT is desirable, in the interests of the war effort, to reduce the number of motor cars on the road, Col. Kirkpatrick of the Toronto Police Commission seems to have the right idea of how to do it. He wants to do it by eliminating unhealthy drivers—drivers, that is, who by reason of some physical condition are likely to fail to co-ordinate at a critical moment in traffic. To that end he wants a medical examination of all drivers before the annual reissue of their licenses. This would of course have to be a provincial measure, but there is a great deal to be said in favor of it, and it is entirely conceivable that if it were started, say, by the province

of Ontario it would speedily be imitated by other provinces and by some of the American States.

There are quite a number of drivers on the road today who, because of a heart condition, defective vision, nervous affections and other causes cannot be relied on to perform satisfactorily in the conditions of traffic created by the modern high-speed vehicle. The physical examination need not be very expensive, and while most drivers would no doubt prefer to have it done by their physician, and would incidentally be much benefitted in other ways by having such a check-up regularly, the province would have to make provision for having it done at a fairly nominal fee for those who could not afford the whole cost.

Guidance for Pharaoh

IN THE forty-first chapter of Genesis it is recorded that Joseph, having interpreted a dream of Pharaoh, was commissioned by that monarch to store up the grain of the seven years of plenty against the needs of the succeeding seven years of famine; but it is not recorded by what devices this miracle of storage was effected, and in any event the climate of Egypt is very dry and storage is probably much less of a problem than in Saskatchewan. The problem which must have worried Joseph is now the chief problem of the Canadian Board of Grain Commissioners, who are now permitting storage "in rinks, barns, and community halls," just as Joseph no doubt permitted storage in temples and the more ceremonial apartments of the royal palaces.

It is not certain that either the Grain Commissioners or the Canadian Government have the wisdom of Joseph, and anyhow they are subject to the orders of their own particular Pharaoh, the Canadian people. It is therefore most important that Pharaoh should have an accurate idea of the problem that this fertile land is facing; and we are glad that the Canadian Association for Adult Education and the Canadian Institute of International Affairs are jointly publishing an informative series (ten

(Continued on Page Three)

THE PASSING SHOW

BY HAL FRANK

HITLER'S spreading of the war to other parts of the world is proof that he has failed to subdue the British Islands and that a new campaign has begun. It's the Evasion of Britain.

There's no doubt of what we have to face after the war, inflation of currency and deflation of the human ego.

What will it profit Germany to gain more living room? She won't be able to farm for the headstones.

TO ONE

Since we said good-bye, and you closed the door On our calm, well-bred leave-taking, My heart on your heart, like the wave on the shore Is endlessly breaking.

—Horace.

There won't be any possibility of "Union Now" until the democracies are willing to sacrifice much of their inherited luxurious living. In other words, they have to take the Streit and narrow path.

The British have taught the Italians a new game they don't like in the Mediterranean. It's hide or go sink.

And you will know it is Utopia, too, because when you take an unerring shot at a buck, it won't turn out to be the game warden.

Timus, who always backs the wrong horse, says Roosevelt's re-election is assured. He's put his money on Willkie.

We will know that the country is feeling the real pinch of war when we hear of people turning in their car on an old one.

If the Germans and the Italians do succeed in establishing a new world order, their present regimes won't live to see it. It will be a case of the Phoenix rising from its Axis.

Esther says for the first time in her life she read a detective story in which she guessed the identity of the murderer right from the start. But she says it did make her a bit dizzy reading the book from the back to the front.

P. O'D. gives a realistic account of what Communal Sleeping and Communal Feeding are doing to the haughty and exclusive Londoner, on page 24.



IN THIS TOWN, NEAR THE CITY OF VANCOUVER, THE POPULATION IS MADE UP ALMOST ENTIRELY OF JAPANESE. MANY ARE CANADIAN BORN AND LOYAL BRITISH SUBJECTS. BUT BECAUSE OF JAPAN'S PRO-AXIS LEANINGS, ALL ARE SUSPECT.



RECESS AT A DOWNTOWN PUBLIC SCHOOL IN VANCOUVER WHERE JAPANESE MAKE UP THE MAJOR PORTION OF ENROLMENT. MANY WILL SEND TO JAPAN FOR BRIDES: THE NATIVE JAPANESE GIRL IS MORE DOCILE THAN HER CANADIAN-BORN COUSIN.



JAPANESE FISHING BOATS READY TO PUT OUT TO FISHING GROUNDS AT THE MOUTH OF THE FRASER RIVER. THE AGGRESSIVE JAPANESE IS A COMPETITOR OF THE CANADIAN-BORN SALMON FISHERMAN WHO ACCUSES HIM OF UNETHICAL PRACTICES.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

"Tickled With the Battle Dress"

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

I THINK some of your readers will be interested in the following description of the battle dress worn by the British forces. It was written by a friend of mine in a letter to his son—the kind of letter in which one gets more personal impressions than in the stuff written for publication: "The thing that I am tickled to death with is the battle dress. This is exactly the same as worn by our soldiers; the officers wear it too. I think it is a grand dress, and when the war is over I'm going to have a suit made on the same lines. We call it our rompers, and it's a sort of part children's crawlers, part deer-stalker's outfit, and part golfer's kit. It's lovely, most comfortable and most sensible. I wear it all the time. It has the most surprising pockets all over it—inside and out, trouser pockets, hip pockets, on the legs, in the blouse and outside. I've been making new discoveries about it every day for a fortnight. After I'd worn it for a week, I found two new and cunningly placed pockets in the blouse. Another one had me puzzled for a long time, but I finally discovered that it was designed to hold my first field dressing. That was a nuisance, because it had been very handy for my matches and pen-knife; so I had to reorganize my gear about me. After another week I finally solved another mystery: Why they had put three braces buttons on the outside of my trousers as well as a full complement inside. At first I thought they were reserve buttons, but that was a bad guess. Inside the blouse some button-holes were concealed so that you can really button the blouse to the trousers just like a real kiddy. I thought that was the height of forethought on the part of the high-ups who introduced the kit, because if your braces go you can still keep a brave face on the world."

Toronto.

F. F. B.

Specimen Babies

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

YOU will, I am sure, be glad to learn that Mr. J. Butterfield is back, after a brief but poignant absence, in his "column" in the *Daily Province* of this city, and life on the Pacific coast is brighter again. Just by way of signaling his return he took a peek at the psychology course at University of British Columbia, where one hundred students have been assigned by Professor Marsh "to observe the actions of a child under one year for the period of one hour," and where students are reported to be having great difficulty in finding a child who will sit for observation. Mr. Butterfield dismisses the popular suggestion, that a child be purloined from in front of a department store, on the ground that such a child would not provide any actions except that of yelling. "No," says he, "there's only one true method that can be followed in this period of war and destruction. The only thing for you to do, girls, is to marry a male classmate and provide your own specimens. This may seem rather a drastic method for obtaining an hour's observation but you must reflect that by the time you have got your specimen you will be in your sophomore year and in possession of a far keener faculty for observation."

Vancouver, B.C. MARION NARVIK.

The Passing Show

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

C. R. GIVES every indication of having once been a nice young fellow, well educated, just turned sour. Leave The Passing Show where it is.

Vancouver, B.C. J. H. WATSON

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

PLEASE don't pay any attention to what your correspondent C. R. said about The Passing Show. I don't care about puns myself (though Shakespeare wasn't above using

them sometimes), but Hal Frank's column is more than just punny and my husband and I never fail to get a good laugh from it. I think C. R. is just a pedantic old fuss-box without a sense of humor. Let's have more of Hal Frank, not less.

Victoria, B.C.

LAURA PARSONS

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

YOUR paper is excellent. But don't by all means eliminate The Passing Show. It's so refreshing—like an appetizer before a well cooked, well served meal.

Owen Sound, Ont.

DOROTHY KRESS

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

TO LAUGH or not to laugh, that is the question. Why does C. R. wish us to abandon our little nonsense now and then for a strict conformity to the "general high standard of the paper?"

The Passing Show aids its readers by helping them to face the vicissitudes of war with imperturbance—this day when England expects every Hun to do the dirty.

As for the parrot cry that the pun is the lowest form of wit, one can recall many a mind of "general high standard" indulging in this form of mental gymnastic. Bacon claimed descent from Og, King of Bashan. Queen Elizabeth was quoted: "Ye be burly, my lord Burleigh, but ye make less stir in my realm than my lord of Leicester." Hal Frank's puns are pungent.

Welland, Ont.

R. E. BARRON

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN VIEW of the greatly improved form of your paper, C.R.'s observations in issue of October 12 re Passing Show are timely. "We will know it is Utopia too" when this silly monotonous reference is discontinued along with those of Esther.

Toronto.

G. M. C.

The Thirty Days

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

I THINK you are a little unjust to the thirty-day training system now compulsory for Canadian youths of the male sex reaching the age of twenty-one years. It will not do them much good in the way of preparing them for military service, but it will do them an immense amount of good in the way of clearing away a lot of dangerous misconceptions as to the nature of military training and the military life. It will teach them that military discipline is neither unpleasant nor destructive to human dignity; that it makes men better citizens as well as better physical beings; that it develops a sense of responsibility and fellowship which nothing else can produce.

Owen Sound, Ont.

A. A. WILLIAMS.

SATURDAY NIGHT

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A JAPANESE FISHING BOAT EN ROUTE. THE SUSPICIOUS POINT OUT THAT THESE COASTS ARE MILITARILY IMPORTANT

The pictures on this page are given timely significance by the recent announcement of the Japanese government that a census of all Japanese residing in continental America will be made. The census must be in the hands of Tokyo authorities by November 20, 1940, and will be conducted by Japanese consuls or agents.

When the census is completed, the Japanese government will be in possession of complete information as to the personal history, property holdings, bank accounts, profession and education, of every Japanese subject domiciled temporarily or permanently in this country.



THE JAPANESE SKIPPER SETTLES AWAY TO THE SERIOUS BUSINESS OF FISHING. HE MAKES A VERY RELENTLESS COMPETITOR.



A JAPANESE MOTHER PROMENADES WITH TWO OF HER CHILDREN. THE BIRTH RATE AMONG JAPANESE-CANADIANS IS HIGH.

THE FRONT PAGE

(Continued from Page One)

(cents per item), the first of which is "Bushels to Burn," by J. W. Holmes, who seems to know most of what needs to be known about this matter and has got it into eleven pages. We think however that he has failed to convey to the non-agricultural mind a proper sense of the very great risk involved in storing wheat in any container not properly designed and equipped for that purpose. We hope that the skating rinks will do a good job, but we think that making them rat-proof is going to be quite an undertaking.

The second item in the series is devoted, like several which are to follow it, to an aspect of Canadian-American relations, and is from the authoritative pen of J. F. Green of the Foreign Policy Association of New York. These pamphlets deal with important subjects in a more extended and careful manner than is possible in the popular press, yet in a way which meets the needs of those who have not time to read weighty volumes on the subject. There should be an important place for this series, which carries the general title of "Behind the Headlines."

Fictionists Write Fiction

WE HAVE seldom been more entertained by a six-word footnote than we were by the one which appeared in a recent issue of the *Saturday Evening Post* at the foot of an article by Jules Romains. M. Romains is one of the prominent fiction-writers of France. It is the habit of the *Post* to use prominent fiction-writers to write about facts; its Canadian readers have not forgotten its articles on Anglo-Irish relations by one of the most brilliant of contemporary Irish short story writers. It is now employing M. Romains to write about the inside political history of Europe, and especially of France, during the last five or ten years.

M. Romains makes an enormous number of statements of alleged historical fact about which the average American—and the *Post* reader is decidedly an average American—can have no possible knowledge by which he could check them. He makes one, very unimportant and merely illustrative and incidental, statement of fact about which the *Post* reader could have knowledge. It is a statement about a hotel at Grand Canyon; it is the only statement relating to the United States. "I have watched bellhops," says M. Romains, "hastily disguised as Sioux warriors, dance the war dance on the terrace of the hotel." It carries an asterisk, attached to an Editor's Note which reads: "They are neither Sioux nor bellhops, M. Romains."

This leaves no portion of M. Romains' statement unchallenged except that some persons, not bellhops, probably did a dance impersonating something, not Sioux, on the hotel terrace. Let us say that 66 2/3 per cent of M. Romains' statements concerning an American

subject are so wrong that they have to be contradicted by his editor, and 33 1/3 per cent are more or less right. What we want to know is, if M. Romains were writing for a French editor and a French public, what percentage of what he says about France would have to undergo the same correction? How many footnotes would he need?

Would it not be better to leave the fictionists to write fiction, and have historians write history?

The Axis and Russia

THE situation in Europe is rapidly approaching a point where the Axis can no longer maintain its friendly relations with Russia and continue to pursue its necessary objectives in both the Near and the Far East. What realignment will occur if and when the Berlin-Moscow tie breaks can be no more than a matter of conjecture. Pacifists and Communists are ardently proclaiming that Herr Hitler will then make an offer of peace, on the terms of a joint offensive against Russia, and that the Appeasement crowd in Great Britain and the United States will be strong for its acceptance. We have not the slightest belief that any possible British Government will make peace with any German Government in which the Nazi party has any influence, whether the object of that peace is to do in the Communists or anything else. But a peace will have to be made ultimately with some sort of a German Government that will be it is hard to guess at the character of the peace. Great Britain owes nothing to Russia, and can hardly be expected to regard the present Russian political set-up as any support to democracy; but the most vital fact in the entire situation is that when Germany is reduced to powerlessness, Russia will be the most powerful force in the world next to the British-American combination, and the idea that this will be a suitable moment for accepting the aid of a defeated Germany for the purpose of changing the character of the Russian political set-up seems to us nothing short of preposterous. Nor do we believe that there is the slightest possibility that the British people, and British labor in particular, could ever be led into such an undertaking. However this is the current Communist propaganda for discrediting the war and diminishing the will to resist of the democratic peoples. It will change overnight as soon as instructions to change it are issued from Moscow.

A Voice From Brazil

THE English-speaking world is pretty well united in this closing quarter of the year 1940. There are very few people in it who do not know, no matter where they happen to be dwelling, the character of the enemy they have to face. Here is a quotation from the editorial columns of the *Brazilian American*, the organ of the United States colony in Brazil, edited by a Brazilian of German descent, but of American mind and heart. Mr. G. L. Landsberg, who has been a stout champion of Great Britain from the beginning of the war, but especially since the advent to power of Mr. Churchill, wrote the following on receipt of the news of the bombing of Buckingham Palace:

May the *Brazilian American* be permitted, at this late date, to raise its puny voice in horrified indignation at the peculiarly Nazi attempt last week to slaughter the royal family of England and also express its heartfelt relief that this act of pure Nazism providentially failed? Not that this Nazi assassination would have had any effect on the course of the war, but it fills one with



—By Lou.

disgust—one need not be a Catholic to be nauseated by the stupid desecration on the part of a young hooligan proudly spitting into a font of holy water.

The Kings of England have no real hand in the direction of British administration. They are a symbol—not more, not less than the national flag—and when the throne is occupied, as it is at present, by a couple of fine human beings, obviously inspired with a deep sense of duty and real moral integrity and who are carrying out their glass-house functions with tactful charm, the respectful sympathy of even a foreigner goes out to them. It is fitting that Britain, now that she has once again become truly GREAT Britain, should have as its kingly symbol the unassuming, sterling George and Elizabeth of the true blue eyes.

Matter for Civilians

THE Hamilton Auxiliary Defence Corps appears to us to be mixing up two kinds of functions, both no doubt desirable in themselves, but eminently unsuitable for performance by the same organization.

The original object of the Defence Corps, as we understand it, was to provide organized and disciplined volunteer support for the regular defence forces of the Dominion; and, provided that the organization was responsible and that the discipline was strict, the project appeared to us to be not without merit. These provisos, however, obviously imply that the authority to administer discipline shall be derived from the Dominion government, and that the Corps shall go into action only upon the instructions of a proper military authority. With these qualifications, any organization of this kind should be capable of doing useful work and of avoiding the stigma of being regarded as a private army.

But the Hamilton Auxiliary Defence Corps, as we learn from the *Hamilton Spectator*, is now undertaking to tell the electors of Hamilton whom they should and should not elect to municipal office; and this, it seems to us, is a task which, however desirable in itself, would be much better left to an organization of a slightly less military character. We see some danger of the Hamilton Auxiliary Defence Corps not only deciding that John Smith should not be elected to the Hamilton School Board, but calling out one of its companies, with or

without bayonets, to see that John Smith is not elected.

The *Spectator* informs us that company commanders will be provided with proof of the undesirability of certain candidates and requested to pass this on to the members of their companies. This is surely an odd occupation for a company commander. We have no objection to any Hamilton citizen passing on proof of the undesirability of any Hamilton candidate to another Hamilton citizen. That is one of the accepted methods of democratic government. But we do feel very strongly that this transaction should be between citizens, persons who can discuss the question as man to man, and not between a company commander and the men under his orders.

It is a fundamental principle of democracy that military organization and democratic politics will not mix, and that the attempt to mix them is always dangerous. If the Hamilton Auxiliary Defence Corps wants to take part as a body in Hamilton municipal politics it should hang up its shotguns, turn in its uniforms, and change its company commanders into members of the executive committee. The civil government of Hamilton is a matter for civilians.

THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER

This space, usually consecrated to an original poem by one of our inspired contributors, is this week turned over to John Kerry of Montreal for the reprinting of his timely verses in the *Montreal Gazette* on the date of the opening of Parliament.

SURELY it is high time that someone came forward to congratulate our Prime Minister on his extremely appropriate choice of a date for the emulation of that very sinister Figure, Guy Fawkes, who made the Fifth of November

A day to remember
By plotting to disperse the Mother of Parliaments in a manner more drastic
And certainly more fantastic
Than the procedure suggested by our Mr. King for the sabotage of our Commons and Senate.

A proposal which would certainly have astounded a Borden, a Meighen or an R. B. Bennett, Whose consciences were possibly somewhat less elastic
And who were not blessed with followers so plastic
As those who agree that a Parliament being essentially a democratic institution
Should during a war to preserve democracy find no place
Within the framework of our Constitution.
But let us not forget that the Gunpowder Plotter,
Who planned wholesale slaughter,
Had a reason for wishing to silence the Houses,
To wit, the protection of himself and his friends:
A thought which logically and inevitably arouses
Suspicion that modern muzzlers may be actuated by similar ends.

JOHN KERRY.

FRUIT WITHOUT SEED

(On Reading Carman's "Songs of the Sea Children".)

I UNCLASPED the doors of the ivory castle
And fed on wild sea-foam
There Joy and Love laid out the fare,
And bade the worn old world to share
And seek no more to roam.

I unwound my heart in their garden of Beauty,
Immortal land of Youth,
I leaned my head beneath their trees,
And plucked the fruit from off the breeze,
And found it sweet, in sooth.

But I sought beyond the soft rind and the sweetening,
The hard and silken seed.
Yet none I found and looked in vain,
The fruit sprang mushroom-like in rain,
The ancient manna breed.

And I rose and walked through the ivory castle
And out the portalled gate.
"For what have I to do with you
And with your drinks of honey-dew"
Unto myself I said.

O, I know a drink that is stronger than red wine!
Who live beyond the gate,
And who the apple once have bit
The bitter bread must ever eat
While rule yet gods of hate.

DIANA SKALA.

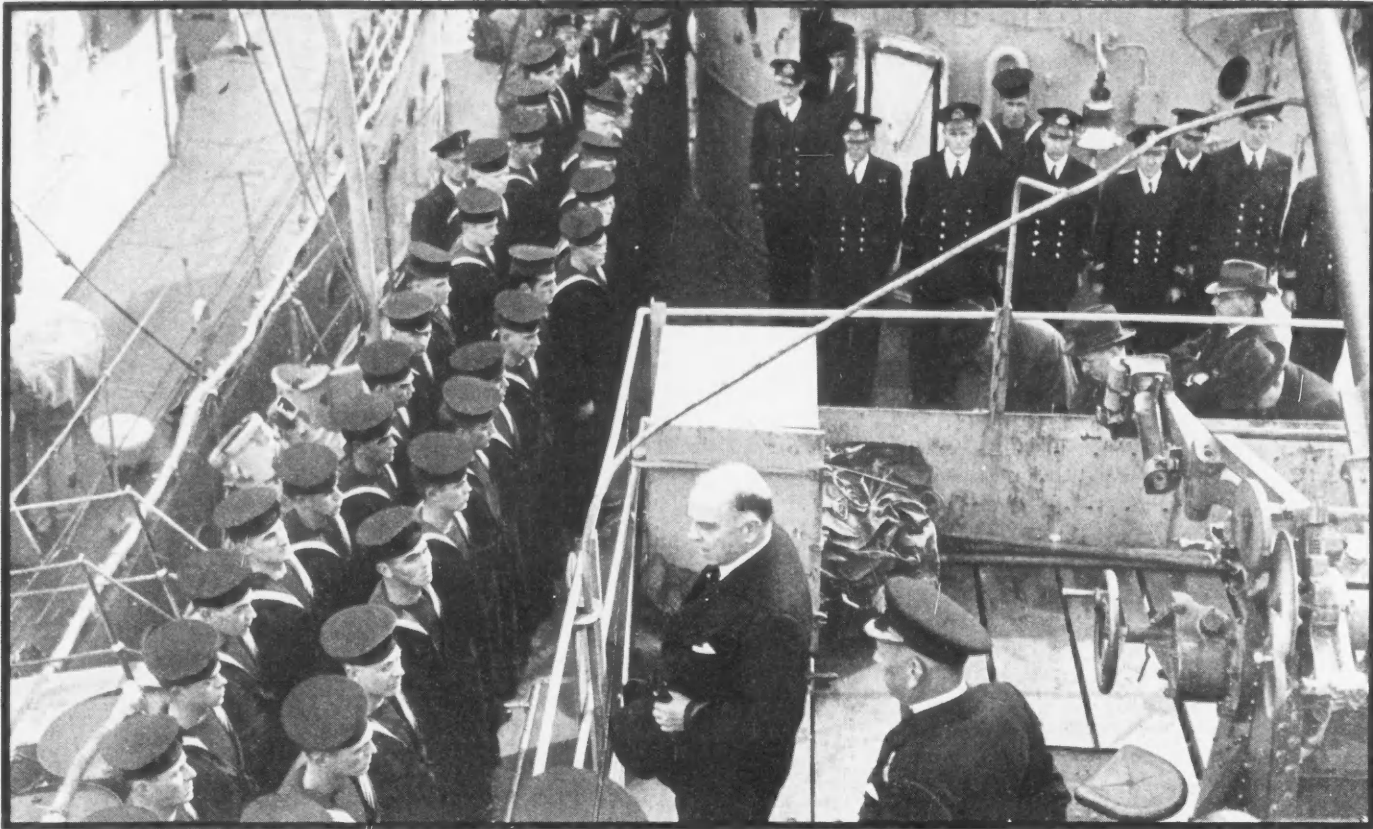
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In a recent visit to the East coast, Prime Minister King inspected the American destroyers acquired by the Canadian Navy. Here he examines silverware left by the U.S. crew. He was given a spoon stamped "U.S.N."



In his lightning tour of East coast defences, the Prime Minister paused to address the crew of a Canadian destroyer which served three months in the War zone overseas and saw plenty of action. Said he "On the part of the people of Canada as a whole, may I express our appreciation of the part you have played and will continue to play in this struggle." Lieut.-Comm. H. N. Lay, nephew of the Prime Minister, was in command of the destroyer.



Moral Fatigue Caused Germany's 1918 Collapse

The author of this, and of several other important articles in recent issues, is a member of the well-known law firm of Hubbard, Gosselin, Macpherson and Hutchins, Montreal. He was educated at the Ottawa Collegiate, the Royal Military College (graduated with honors in military subjects 1914) and McGill University (1921, B.C.L.). He served in France, Egypt and Salonika with the Canadian Field Artillery and the Royal Flying Corps. From 1930 to 1935 he was Junior Crown Prosecutor for Montreal. In a second article next week he will discuss the factors which brought about the sudden collapse of Germany in circumstances which looked so favorable to her.

THERE is one branch of German propaganda that seems to have been almost as successful on this side of the Atlantic as in Germany itself. That is the German explanation for Germany's defeat in 1918.

It is perfectly true that we accept with a grain of salt the story that it was the fault of the Jews but most of our people have a hazy idea that it was due to some outside force, starvation by blockade, defection of Germany's allies, or the military strength of the Allied armies. All these were important factors, but the true cause was the complete and utter collapse of the morale of the German leaders, and later of the German people.

They had not suffered as France had suffered, they had not endured a fraction of what Britain is enduring today, they had lost no major battle on land or on sea, bombing was negligible, yet they collapsed like a punctured balloon.

We can learn much that is useful today from a brief examination of the causes which lay behind the abject surrender of a powerful nation before her frontiers were even threatened, let alone invaded.

Let us have a look at the facts. In August 1918 Germany had been at war for four years. She had had a string of almost unbroken victories to her credit. In the West her armies, except for a few miles near the Swiss border, were deep in foreign territory. She had almost the whole of Belgium, the richest ore fields in France, and a large slice of its northern territory. The great industrial city of Lille was in her possession with the surrounding towns of Roubaix, Turcoing, and Menin. All attempts to dislodge her grip had failed, and in the Spring she had penetrated almost to Amiens. Her troops were less than forty miles from Paris.

In fact in March and April she had made the largest advances against her enemies that had been made since 1914. She had captured more prisoners, taken more guns, secured more booty than had the Allies in the whole previous four years. For nearly four months the German church bells had been in constant motion ringing out peals of victory.

In Italy she and her ally Austria had inflicted a severe defeat and were now entirely on Italian soil.

After Great Victories

In the Balkans Serbia was hers, and the remnants of a Serbian Army clung precariously to the coast of Greece where they formed part of an allied army, at that time bottled up in Salonika. Rumania had been conquered and her oil wells and richest granaries taken from her.

Her greatest success, however, had been in Russia. After a success of smashing victories she had, after a winter of wrangling and argument, forced Russia to sign the treaty of Brest-Litovsk. By that treaty Germany performed a curious feat of conjuring. In an early clause she renounced all indemnities or reparations, but by a later clause she exacted 300,000,000 gold roubles "compensation." She obtained large territorial concessions including most of Poland and the Baltic states, and she also received important concessions regarding access to the raw materials of Russia. What is more important, she forced Russia to recognize the treaty of February 9, signed with the Ukraine.

By this concession Russia automatically recognized the Ukraine's independence and acknowledged Germany's prior rights to the Ukrainian granary. Independent Ukraine had undertaken, in return for German support against Soviet Russia, to deliver to the Central Powers 1,000,000 tons of breadstuffs annually.

Still a Military Power

Thus, while Germany was still hemmed in on the West, she had in her possession practically all Belgium and a great deal of France's most valuable territory. On the East she had smashed the barrier to bits. Rumania was out of the picture, and Russia at her mercy. Turkey, Bulgaria, and Austria-Hungary were still in the war as her allies.

As regards the West, where she had most to fear, she had also great military advantages. France was definitely war-weary, and in Britain

BY J. S. B. MACPHERSON

herself the number of people was increasing who would have been willing to accept a compromise peace.

There were several very strong natural lines of defence between Germany's front line and her frontier. Had she been willing to retire to these and turn at bay who can say whether, in face of a German offer to withdraw on reasonable terms, the Allies would have been willing to suffer another two million or so casualties? In the light of present knowledge it is highly probable that they would not. It is extremely doubtful if France or Belgium would have been contented to see more of the dreadful destruction of war on their territory, purely for the purpose of obtaining victorious peace, if they could have had their territory back by any peace.

Even as late as November 1918 Germany still held most of the counters if it came to a bargaining



HON. J. L. RALSTON, Minister of Defence, pauses to chat with a trooper while waiting for the march past in the streets of Cornwall, Ont.

table. She had territory to trade for blood. The Allies had already paid dearly in blood. Would they have been willing to pay more?

The credit side of the ledger was full.

On the debit side there were three entries. All of them were indefinite, but all of them must be taken into account.

First, there was the command of the sea. Her submarine blockade had definitely failed, while Britain's surface blockade was maintaining its paralyzing grip on Germany's supply of raw materials. The Allies on the other hand had full access to the rest of the world.

Second, were the Allied armies. They had won no great victories, but they were still intact and still able to fight.

Third, was the man power of the United States. This was just beginning to be felt, but it would be steadily increasing, and in a geometrical, not an arithmetical, progression.

However, provided the armies on the West did not crack, Germany's position, while serious, was not critical. In less than a year she should begin to reap the benefits of the Ukraine treaty, and her immediate food shortage would be greatly relieved. There were available in Russia reserves of copper and other metals to take care of her immediate shortage and supplies from other resources in that country needed only organization and development. Under the terms imposed at Brest-Litovsk she could take and use them as she pleased.

Thus by purely material and physical standards Germany's position had many elements of strength. She was, in fact, better off in 1918 than she had been in 1917. But what about the moral factor?

Misled by Propaganda

In 1918 in spite of hardships the morale of the German people was high. It was, however, based on a false belief fostered by a misleading domestic propaganda.

For four years the German people had made sacrifices and endured growing privations. In spite of this there was no feeling of hopelessness. They had been told, and they believed, that if they were suffering privation, the case of the Allies, and particularly Britain, was much worse. They believed the submarine campaign was a success and that the British were on the point of starvation. The only large naval battle had been hailed

as a magnificent German victory and the British fleet was believed to be locked up in its harbors not daring to face the might of Germany a second time.

On land they had been celebrating victory after victory. Was not Russia conquered and had she not been forced to accept a humiliating and abject peace dictated by Germany? The Americans were a wild undisciplined lot, there might be a good many of them, but few could ever reach France, the submarines would see to that. Even if they did arrive they were practically useless as

"THIS IS LONDON"

BATTERED, besieged, defiant, London spoke to the foe: "Think you, with scourge of bomb and fire, Ever to lay me low?"

"Frail and beloved landmarks You may indeed bring down; Stone and mortar and bricks and glass— These are not London Town.

"I am not walls and girders. I am the dauntless host Who meet your bombs with a steady heart And laugh at your Nazi boast.

"Cockney and clerk and baron, Schoolboy and King and char, 'Grim and gay' in the face of death Stubborn, as English are;

"These are my bone and sinew," Proudly she raised her head. "While I am home to such as these How can I die?" she said.

"Rooted ere Caesar's legions Landed on England's shore, I, who arose from fire and plague, Surely shall rise once more.

"Bring me your worst," she challenged, "Do to me what you will; Though I be naught but storied dust, I shall be London still!"

HELEN SANGSTER.

soldiers, and in any case half the country was pro-German. Britain was practically out of it. One more blow and it would all be over.

In August 1918 the Germans were looking confidently toward the day of triumph. The night had been long and dreary, but day would soon break and the sun of German victory mount the sky. The day broke at last, but it was the sun of truth, not the sun of victory, that showed itself over the dark horizon.

Selected Prints From The Pictographers Salon

BY "JAY"

WHAT type of photographic picture appeals most to the public? Is it the new modernistic trend, or the old-fashioned mass grouping of people and props? Or is it table-tops of fruit, flowers, built-up scenes and designs of vases and other home accessories? Do the public lean towards placid winterscapes, or dramatized landscapes with cloud masses and heavy foregrounds? Have the majority a greater sympathy for portraiture in its simplest form, or character studies such as interpreted by Max Thorek? Perhaps pictures of children or animals might hold first place—who knows? Or some might say, "who cares?"

Who cares? The "Pictographers" do! Who are the "Pictographers"? A group of Toronto professional men who have in common the desire to interpret nature as she is without the added modifications of Leonard Misonne, or the dramatization of our American contemporaries. Oh yes, and SATURDAY NIGHT cares too, and the "Pics" and this journal ganged up on the public recently to find the answer to the question, What does the public want?

In the downtown store of the T. Eaton Co., the group had a showing of about one hundred and forty of their best prints, and the best of these received a trophy from SATURDAY NIGHT which, by the way, is to be competed for annually so that any changes in the public's sympathies will be determined. The show lasted for one week, and between twelve and thirteen thousand people visited it. The visitors were asked to vote by ballot which picture they thought should win the trophy, and over 10 per cent responded to this request. The "Pics" wanted their answer, and they got it, although many were sadly disillusioned. It was thought that the vote would be a sympathy vote, the appealing eyes of a setter, or the cherubic smile of a baby would sway the choice, but nothing of this kind happened—the vote was a fine intelligent expression of real appreciation for that which is really good in photography, and the group are all confirmed in their feelings that pictures of pleasant subjects, such as landscapes, flowers and their like will never lose their appeal for the great masses of the people.

FOLLOWING is an analysis of the complete votes cast and should prove very interesting both to the photographer and the layman, and I might add here that the three pictures chosen by one of Canada's best art critics recorded between them a total of four votes.

Landscapes—Thirty-three of these were hung recording an average of ten votes each, the highest received sixty-six and was the winner of the trophy. The print receiving the second largest vote was also in this class and had thirty-six.

Winterscapes—Fifteen shown with an average of three, and the highest received five.

Children—Ten shown with an average vote of seven and the highest single vote seventeen.

Portraits—Nine shown with an average of three and a high of six.

Animals—Six with an average of thirteen and a single high of thirty-one.

Flowers—Six shown with an average of five and a high of eleven.

Still Life—Only one exhibited and no votes.

Character Studies—Seven shown with an average of seven with a high vote of twelve.

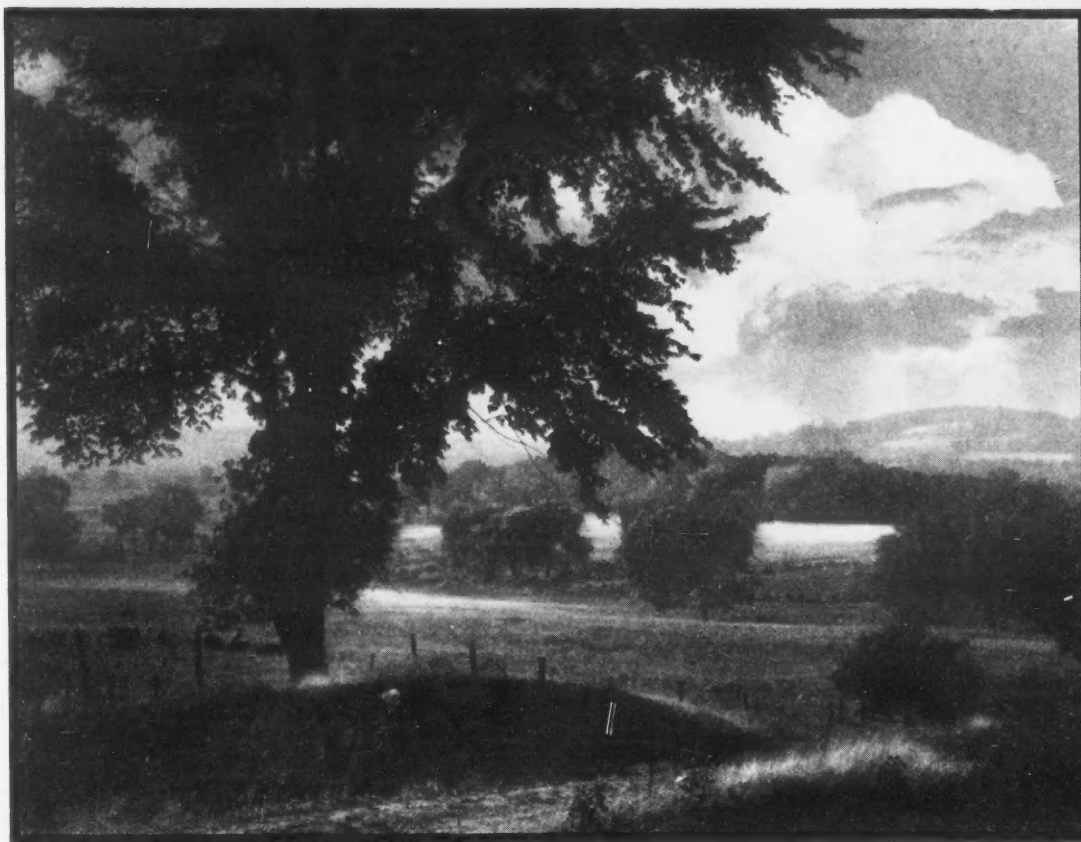
Modernistic—Only two shown with no voting.

Industrial—Two shown. One received four votes and the other drew a blank.

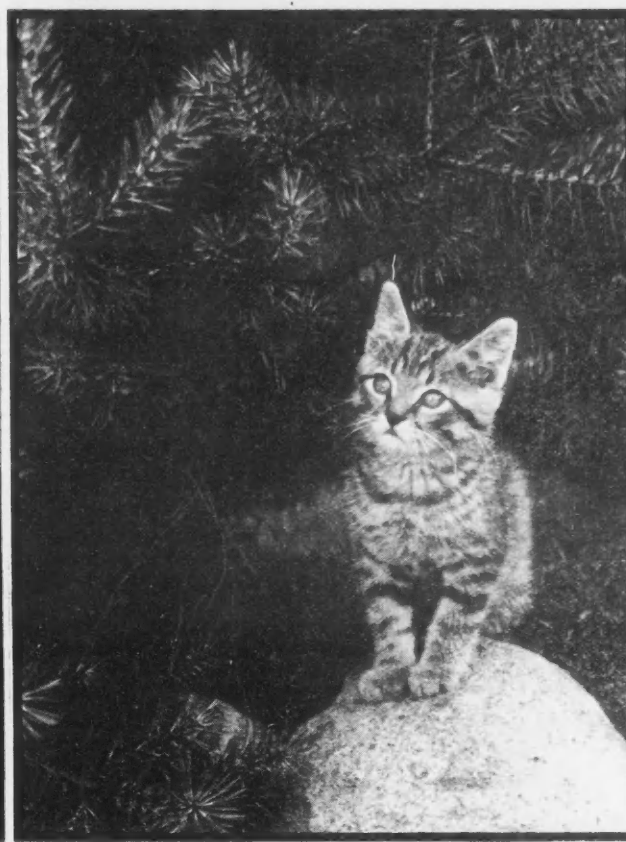
Design or pattern studies—Four shown with an average of eight and a single high of eleven. Vincent DeVita's "Pattern" led in this group and is shown in this page layout.

Birds—Three shown with an average of fifteen, with a single high of thirty.

Architectural—Eight shown with an average of eleven and a single high of twenty-one.



"Sunshowers", by K. C. McClelland, the winning picture.



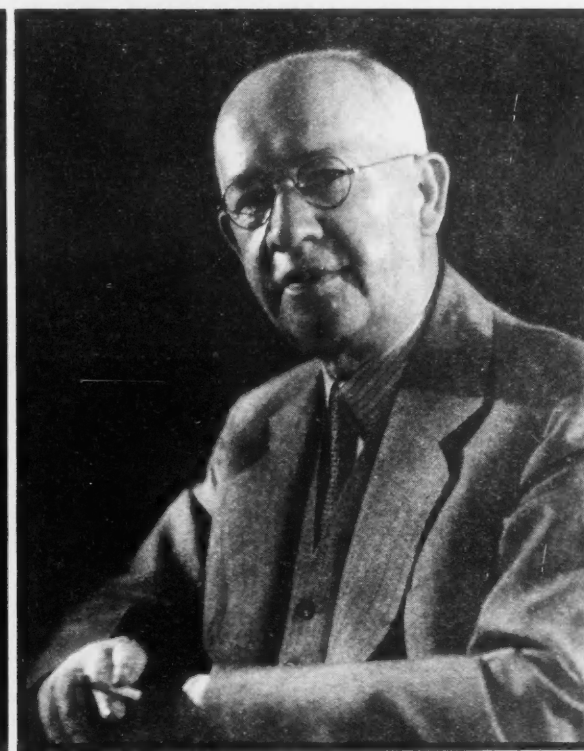
"Once There Was a Little Kitty", by E. R. White.



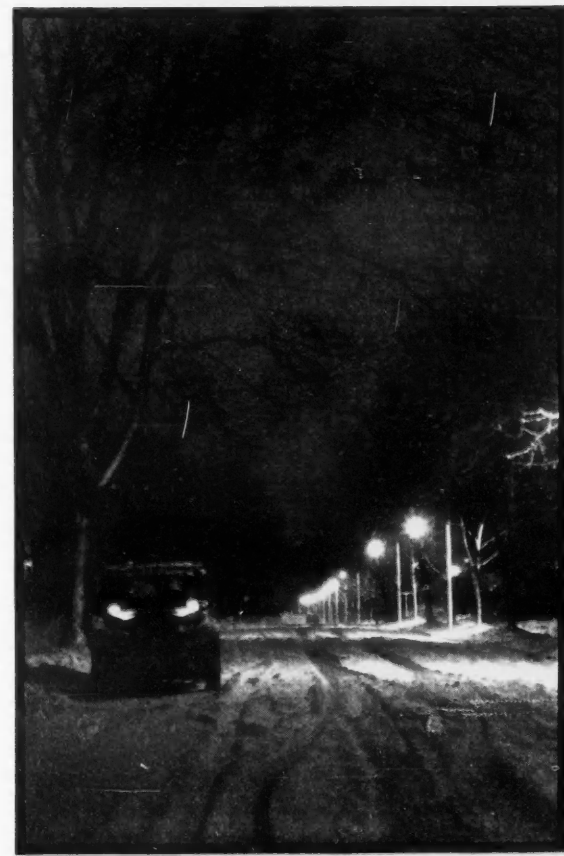
"Butch", by Dr. Harold Storms.



"St. Lawrence Market", by David Giffen.



"Portrait", by Frank E. Hessin.



"Snow Gowned", by Ernie Hessin.



"Pattern", by V. DeVita.

Benito Mussolini Begs Alms of the Teutons

BY JACK ANDERS

BEFORE Columbus discovered this continent, and Vasco de Gama the sea route to India, Mediterranean trade was identical with world trade. The Adriatic Sea was called the Gulf of Venice then. And, indeed, this proud name was justified. For the state or the port that dominates the northern Adriatic dominates the whole Adriatic.

The hinterland of the Adriatic consists of Italy in the west, the Balkan Peninsula in the east, and a large part of Germany in the north. Italy and the western shore of the Balkan Peninsula form geographically a unit. The last attempt in history to conform natural, political, and strategic boundaries in those parts was made by Napoleon. He united Dalmatia and Istria in the state of Illyria and wanted to add Illyria to the kingdom of Italy. But a number of reasons prevented his scheme

from coming to fruition. Not the least of them was that he had too many brothers, cousins, and nephews for whom he needed crowns. So Illyria became a kingdom of its own.

The settlement after the First World War brought a chance to execute Napoleon's original plan. But, unluckily for Italy, England's and France's ideas of democracy were no longer quite the same then as they had been in 1915. In 1915 the Treaty of London was concluded which induced Italy to declare war on Germany and Austria. In the Treaty Italy was promised Istria and the Dalmatian coast almost as far as Albania. This promise was quite in keeping with the democratic ideas of that time. For there was a large Italian population in those two Habsburg provinces, and a vigorous irredentist movement. Moreover, Italy was then a very democratic

and very liberal state.

But she did not get what she had been promised because the democratic idea of 1919 was to establish new states out of the remnants of collapsed autocracies, in this case the Habsburg Monarchy. With the exception of the Dalmatian port of Zara, which became Italian, the whole Dalmatian coast north of Albania went to Yugoslavia.

Even Fiume was given to this new state, but was soon occupied by Gabriele D'Annunzio and incorporated in Italy. The toleration of this piracy was perhaps the first defeat of the League of Nations. On the other hand, the League put a good face on it, probably because it realized that Fiume should never have gone to Yugoslavia. For thus the struggle for supremacy in the Adriatic was bound to be perpetuated.

The Newer Ports

After the decline of Venice as the chief Mediterranean port, Marseilles and Genoa came to the fore. They catered chiefly for American trade. With the rise of Germany to a great industrial and commercial power, and with the opening up of the Far East, they were rivalled by Trieste. A large part of Germany's enormous Far Eastern trade went through Trieste; not only because Germany gave preference to an Austrian port, but also because the rail connection between Trieste and Germany is better than that between Venice and Germany. Fiume, too, became very important as Hungary's port.

The allocation of Trieste to Italy in 1919 was a problematic gain to that country, since Fiume was given to Yugoslavia, and Germany would naturally have transferred her custom from Trieste to Fiume. Italy could not accept this position for two reasons: it would have deteriorated the value of Trieste and would have exposed Fiume and the whole of Yugoslavia to German penetration and domination. And Italy, who had just been freed from German economic competition and Austrian political rivalry in the Adriatic, would have had to fight these same somewhat diffused forces in a new and highly concentrated form. It was certainly one of the inadequacies of the First World War settlements that this was not recognized.

We know now that the precise event which Italy wanted to forestall by possessing herself of Fiume has come to pass: German penetration and domination of Yugoslavia. The reasons why it has come to pass are an object lesson on the sterility of English and French diplomacy in this generation. The problem is still awaiting its solution, and it is to be hoped that the Balkan mistakes of 1919-1940 will not be repeated after this war. We are now coming to what they have cost us so far.

The One Balkan Railway

A glance at the map shows that to this day there is only one trunk railway line running through the Balkans. With its manifold ramifications it absorbs all the rail-borne traffic and commerce of the Peninsula. The line runs from Berlin through Austria and all the Balkan countries to Constantinople, and has recently been extended to Baghdad. It is, of course, the expression of the German *Drang nach Osten*.

There is no transversal line that connects the Balkan countries with the shores of the Adriatic. The Berlin-Constantinople trunk, the famous "Orient Express", was built before 1914 by German engineers with German capital in the interests of German commerce and German political ambitions. Naturally Italy always yearned for a transversal line to attract some, or all, of the Balkan and Near Eastern trade to herself. Naturally, too, the construction of such a line was always opposed by Germany and Austria-Hungary. Their opposition had also the blessing of England and France: they did not want a powerful Italy on the Mediterranean. As far as this policy

involved a strengthening of Germany and Austria—there was always Russia to take care of that. Russia, too, was not anxious for a strong Italy because she had Mediterranean aspirations of her own; directly via the Dardanelles, and less directly via Bulgaria and Serbia, Slav sister nations, towards the Adriatic.

After 1918 the Foreign Office clung to the time-honored policy of keeping Italy down, although the basis for this policy had completely disappeared: Austria-Hungary, who had been strong in the Near and Far Eastern trade through her Adriatic ports, had disintegrated; Russia was thought to be for ever pushed into Asia; and Germany was believed to be cured of her expansionist ambitions. If now Italy was not allowed to grow teeth, Europe would remain a paradise.

Italy's teeth would be a transversal Balkan line without which the possession of Trieste and Fiume is only a promise and not a fulfilment. But Italy had not the capital to build it, and as only England and France could provide the capital, the line has not been built.

All this would have been very well if it had been accompanied by a policy of keeping Germany as weak as she was in 1918. As long as this was not done—and how well we know that it was not done!—the only possible barrier that could have prevented Germany from resuming her *Drang nach Osten* would have been an Italian-controlled transversal Balkan line. To be sure, it would have strengthened Italy greatly. But it needs a strong bulwark to keep Germany out of the Balkans and the Near East.

We do not for a moment suggest that England and France ought to have given Mussolini the capital to build the line, although we feel that, had he been given it before 1935, he might not have undertaken the Abyssinian adventure. And England would not have been called upon to lead in the sanctions affair which finally drove Mussolini into Hitler's arms, because after Abyssinia Italy was no longer strong enough to prevent the grab of Austria. But we do suggest that if the transversal line had with the financial assistance of England and France been built by democratic Italy immediately after

1919, there would possibly never have been a Mussolini. And though Italy would have been strong—a strong Italy can be much more easily checked than a strong Germany. Moreover, there would have arisen a formidable Balkan block which, together with Italy, Poland, and Czecho-Slovakia would never have allowed Germany to run amok.

May Benefit by Defeat

Naturally Mussolini has to take a very large part of the blame for all these unhappy events. For Hitler was bent on war, and Mussolini knew it. If Mussolini had not been compelled by his own policy constantly to produce spectacular successes, he would have been able to hold out without committing himself until this war was forced upon us. And then he could have joined the side with which Italy's true interests lie.

For if Hitler wins this war he would certainly not allow Mussolini to build the transversal line. But Hitler will lose this war, and the line will have to be built. By then even the old school ties in the Foreign Office may realize that the line is the only way of checking the German *Drang nach Osten*. And they will sadly think how much nicer it would have been to bestow the benefit upon an Italy that was with us and not against us; that is against us largely because the pundits of the Foreign Office did not allow it to build the line in 1919.

As far as Mussolini is concerned, he was, before he declared war on Greece a few days ago, reduced to asking Greece for the right to build a road from Albania to Salonika, a road that can only serve the immediate strategic purpose of his new war and no commercial purpose thereafter. Hitler must certainly have given his approval to this demand because Mussolini could not say "Peep" without asking his big brother. We are sure Hitler gave his consent gladly, because the same day he concluded a new agreement with Yugoslavia which finally makes this state a German vassal.

All that is then left for the moment of the vital Italian-controlled transversal Balkan line is an Albanian mule path. Poor Benito! *Sic transit gloria.*

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LONDON FIREMEN are not only fighting fire—they are removing valuable property from threatened areas. These two carry priceless books.

We Need Youth Training!

BY J. M. PATON

In last week's article, the objectives of a national Service of Youth campaign were discussed and a plan of organization for Canada, using the provincial Departments of Education and local committees, was suggested. This week the progress of such a campaign in Great Britain is described, with further argument on the desirability—rather the necessity—of a similar movement in Canada. The author is a member of the staff of Harbord Collegiate, Toronto.

THE first reaction to any suggestion of a nation-wide program of youth training is naturally: "It must wait until the war is over." On the contrary, we cannot afford to wait at all. One of the inspiring things, among many, that has come out of Britain this year has been the continued publication, week after week, of the *Times Educational Supplement*. In its pages has been appearing an almost constant stream of articles and editorials on this very problem of youth training in a democracy. Much of this interest is frankly admitted to be due to the success of the Hitler Youth movement in Germany which, oddly enough, was in turn inspired by the achievements of the "great" English public schools in the training of character.

The movement began one year ago with the publication by the British Board of Education of a circular (No. 1486) urging higher education authorities (or high school boards) to set up local youth committees, whose function it would be to organize and give leadership to a scheme of youth training for national service. Although the Board adopted the typically British method of decentralizing the responsibility for the details of the scheme, it did appoint a National Youth Committee to act in an advisory capacity and to issue suggestions from time to time. This committee, under the chairmanship of the Parliamentary Secretary of the Board of Education, is representative of the majority of youth organizations in the country—the National Fitness Council, the London Council for Juvenile Employment, the National Council of Girls' Clubs, the National Council of Social Service, the National Union of Teachers, the Trades Union Congress, to name only a few.

The response to Circular 1486 has been unusually good, since only eight out of 146 higher education authorities have failed to take satisfactory action; 129 authorities have Youth Committees organized and nine are preparing schemes (report of September 14 last). Of the work accomplished so far, the President of the Board of Education had this to say in a recent address: "There is, thank heaven, no cut-and-dried scheme imposed from above, but that healthy diversity of treatment so characteristic of national movements in this country." There is, however, a more uniform and concerted effort to organize facilities for physical training of both sexes, particularly between the ages of fourteen and eighteen. A Physical Training Directorate has been established which is to receive the cooperation of the War Office in the matter of providing instructors, and whose main function will be "to strengthen the Service of Youth on the physical side, where it is at present most severely handicapped." Recreation facilities for the ages mentioned are to be provided, with special emphasis on the needs of young factory workers, and the hope is expressed that these young people will eventually be of greater service to their country "in the present crisis of its existence." The element of compulsion is still carefully avoided.

Local Youth Committees

As one would expect, recent reports of the activities of the local youth committees reveal their desire to be of some practical assistance in the immediate task of winning the war. Boys' clubs in the County of Durham, for example, have been training as stirrup pump squads, as Home Guard messengers, as St. John Ambulance Cadets; they have helped in a variety of other ways—at A.R.P. centres, in casualty car services, in arranging entertainments for troops, helping farmers, bringing in salvage, helping with evacuees, and by delivering milk to the local searchlight unit. In some areas the local committees have been concentrating on the organization of a long-term program, by collecting

and allocating funds for the training of youth leaders, for the purchase of equipment, and for the upkeep of club premises. In such matters local school boards have co-operated by providing equipment, instruction, and accommodation in schools free.

There is now a growing demand in Britain, among people who know the mind of youth, for the provision of merit badges which would be awarded for proficiency in the fields of training or for distinction in some form of national service. A long-established system of training for boys, known as the "County Badge" system, is being examined with the idea of applying some of its features to the Service of Youth scheme. Silver medals and ordinary badges are awarded on the basis of stiff tests after a course of training which usually culminates in a three or four-week residence at a camp. The badge work includes such sports as running, high and long jump, discus and javelin throwing, putting the shot, and swimming; while proficiency must also be shown in compass and map reading and in outdoor games involving their use—direction-finding, distance and height judging, field sketching and surveying, elementary seamanship, and the like. Outdoor projects demanding perseverance and ingenuity are also undertaken. The standard set is high. At the end of an experimental course recently held in Wales, attended by sixty-one boys, only fourteen qualified for the silver medal, twenty-one for the badge, and the remaining twenty-six will have to continue training at home or in their clubs until a later examination is held before two responsible judges. This "County Badge" scheme by itself could never satisfy the requirements of a national system of youth training, but it does suggest the lines along which boys' work particularly might be developed.

Even this cursory examination of the British experiment is sufficient to reveal its main features. The objectives are national in scope—an alert and healthy body of young people, eager and able to help their country in whatever capacity time and the hour may decide. But the ways and means of translating these ideals into action are, for the present, largely controlled by local education authorities and voluntary agencies. This is possibly all to the good in a country where the tradition of local government and voluntary effort is a long and honorable one. Even so, the cry has already arisen in England that local option in such a vital matter as youth training is not enough, and that the time has come to institute national control.

Britain Shows the Way

Whatever the issue of this controversy may be—and we can assume with certainty that it will be in harmony with liberal and not fascist principles—the lesson for Canada is clear. If Great Britain, with the Hun actually hammering at the gate, can find time to intensify its youth work and even to discuss it on the floor of the House of Commons, surely we in Canada ought soon to make a beginning. In one sense our need is greater. It is difficult for our young people (and for some of their elders) to acquire that sense of national solidarity that is second nature to the Briton. The heart of young Canada is sound, but our history is short, our boundaries are wide-flung, our numbers are few, we are far removed (only recently has the distance lessened) from the cradle of our institutions, and there has been little effort in the past to give our British allegiance that especially Canadian, or national, emphasis which would rouse the enthusiasm of adolescence.

That would be the main objective of a Canadian Service of Youth campaign. There might be some difference of opinion about the details of organization suggested in last week's article, but there could hardly be two minds about the necessity of doing something to "teach democracy" in the only way that it can be successfully taught to young people—that is, by giving them work to do which will develop in them that character and sense of responsibility without

THE LITTLE BOY WITH Growing Pains



TOO MANY CHILDREN who have "growing pains" pay dearly for them later in life. Actually, these vague aches have nothing to do with growth. Although popularly referred to as "growing pains," they are frequently due to unrecognized rheumatic fever.

Many youngsters, whose parents misunderstand or neglect these symptoms, grow up to suffer or die from resultant, but unsuspected, heart damage. Therefore, "growing pains" should always be given immediate medical attention.

► Most attacks of acute rheumatic fever are easily recognized. The most striking symptoms, usually appearing after a sore throat or tonsillitis, are: pain, stiffness, swelling in joints and muscles, with the pain often travelling from joint to joint.

The onset, however, may develop insidiously, revealing its presence by such symptoms as: rapid heart; fever, which may be slight; pallor; loss of appetite, weight, vigour; fleeting muscular aches.

► Three-quarters of those attacked by rheumatic fever are between the ages of 5 and 30—and of these the majority are between the ages of 10 and 15. Its most dangerous feature, particularly if not recognized and treated promptly, is that it often does permanent damage to young

hearts. Rheumatic heart disease tops all other illnesses as the cause of death among children of school age.

An attack of rheumatic fever may last for many months. Unfortunately, it predisposes the patient to future attacks, often brought on by grippé, colds, sore throat, or other respiratory troubles. It also commonly infects more than one member of a family.

► Anyone who has rheumatic fever must—for the sake of his future health—stay in bed under the doctor's care until long after all fever and pain have disappeared, and until the doctor gives permission to get up, however "well" the patient may feel or look. It is vital for a long time afterward to play safe with that threatened heart by being extremely careful about exercise or exertion.

For further information, send for Metropolitan's free booklets, "Protecting Your Heart" and "Rheumatism." Write today to Dept. 11-1-40, Canadian Head Office, Ottawa.

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which the democratic state is only a name. School studies and graduation into a job are not enough. Subconsciously, without preaching and without threats, adolescents must learn the lesson of democracy, that on them will fall the ultimate responsibility for the laws and policy of their country, and that the acceptance of that responsibility, followed by life-long training to meet its challenge, is more important than personal ambition.

It is for adults to create the leadership and the organization which will best stir the idealism of youth, and to provide the means by which this training in national service may be given. Let us resolve to do more for

Canadian youth by demanding more of them. Let us train every skill and develop every talent, turning a deaf ear to short-sighted demands for economy in scholarships or grants to education. Above all, let us not assume that the job is done when school closes. Recreation hours, interest in hobbies, all the abundant energy and enthusiasm of youth can and should be mobilized in the country's service. Only thus will we succeed in breathing new life into the entire nation's conception of democracy, so that all may see the battle for freedom as part of Everyman's struggle to build a new world not have it built for him—in which free men can live freely.

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BY A C.A.S.F. SOLDIER



Here are two of five International Trucks owned by Graydon Fess, Selkirk, hauling 40-foot lengths of 10-inch pipe for the gas line installed by the London City Gas Company to bring gas from the wells at Avlmer to London. The pipe had to be hauled about 100 miles from Welland and strung along the project where the going was very difficult.

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We mean the things you'll find out only after you put Internationals on the job: things like their lasting economy, dependability, trouble-free performance, stamina, and long life. You can't put your finger on qualities like these but owners know they're there. That's why men keep coming back to Harvester when they need new trucks!

International reputation is built as much on these "hidden values" that come out day after day and year

after year as on the sound engineering, quality construction, and all-around mechanical excellence that go into these trucks. Ask any International owner . . . and then see for yourself by putting the right Internationals to work on your own loads. Sizes range from Half-Ton units to powerful Six-Wheelers. See the nearby International Dealer or Company Branch for information.

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"HALT!" This unexpected command, ringing out through the darkness as I was cycling towards the suburbs of a great English industrial city, brought instant compliance. On previous occasions I had heard the same word shouted often enough, but always when and where it was expected at the entrance to encampments or at sentry posts whose location was known. So, hearing it unexpectedly brought me to an abrupt standstill by reflex action, for the vigilance with which every inch of England is guarded against fifth columnists and parachute troops has resulted in more than one death to innocent but careless wayfarers.

"Friend," I shouted, almost in a pleading tone.

From the blackout darkness there emerged a policeman, a big British Bobby, complete with helmet and rain-cape. The sight was reassuring. "Your headlight's too bright," he said.

"How's a poor fellow to know what to do?" I replied. "If you have no headlight or one that's too dim, you're breaking the highway laws. If you have one that's too bright, you're breaking the blackout laws. Then with lighting-up time at a certain hour and blackout time at another hour and both of them changing every night, you really need to spend all your time in intensive study of these matters to avoid breaking the law."

This was too much for the policeman. He fell back on a question that every constable in Britain has as his last resort these days. "Where is your identity card?" he demanded sternly.

The question puzzled me at first. I knew that every civilian in the United Kingdom had to possess these credentials, but never before had I heard of soldiers requiring them.

"But I'm a soldier," I said. He put on his flashlight for an instant to confirm this, and then provided an interesting study in vocal intonations. His demand for the identity card had been made in a tone of icy suspicion. On seeing the uniform, he exclaimed "Oh, a soldier" in accents that had definitely thawed. Then, noticing the letters "Canada" on the uniform he ejaculated in a

warm tone of mingled cordiality and apology, "A Canadian soldier!"

I explained that I was spending a short leave on a bicycle tour seeing as much of the country as possible and expressed the hope that he would overlook my unfamiliarity with the complicated lighting and blackout regulations.

"Quite all right," he said, "Quite all right, only keep your light out and walk your bicycle till you get a couple of hundred yards on and out of my beat. Best luck to you."

"Have a cigarette" I suggested.

"Well, I'm not supposed to," he hesitated. "But I'd be safe enough smoking one in the shop doorway here." We moved off a few feet, lit up, and started to talk. He told me of the air raids they had been experiencing in this great industrial centre. He told me of the hospital that had been wrecked, the churches damaged, the humble homes wiped out. He told me of the devotion and efficiency of the A.R.P. workers, the ceaseless work of the fire brigades, the heroism of the ambulance and first aid detachments. He told me, finally, of the feeling of patriotism and determination that this barbarism had evoked in all classes, and of the relentless vigor with which everyone was now setting about his or her wartime tasks as a result.

"They thought they'd bring the business life of the city to a standstill," he continued, "when they dropped a big 1000-pound time bomb right in the centre of the main shopping district. It wasn't there long. Some young engineer took it apart and removed the clockwork detonator."

"Then there's 'some young engineer' who ought to get the V.C.," I replied. "Instead of being nameless he should be hailed as a national hero."

"Yes," said the policeman, "it must have taken nerve. But the same sort of thing is being done every day. I've seen firemen and first-aid workers doing their work within a few feet of one of these unexploded time bombs without showing the least concern. But I don't think they'll be doing it much longer. Hitler will soon have to give up these massed air attacks."

"Why do you think so?" "It's this way." The bobby threw his butt away and touched my shoulder with his forefinger as he emphasized point after point. "When this war started our government was criticized by a lot of people for building planes that were too good. Hitler was turning out machines that were far cheaper and built in much less time, the idea being that they were just like ammunition—something to be expended in battle."

"But don't you think our policy of building better planes has been vindicated by the proportion between our losses and Hitler's?" I suggested.

"Yes. But that's not all. At the beginning of the fighting in France the Germans lost two or three planes for every one of ours. That's given their pilots what I think is called an 'inferiority complex'. It's put them into a funk—ruined their morale. And what has the result of that been? Today our boys are shooting down anything between five and ten planes for every one of ours that's lost. And it's not going to end there. The Jerry pilots will get into a worse funk; our will get more confidence and daring until it's all over but the shouting."

"Sounds very reasonable," I assented. "It looks as if the results of our small initial superiority are cumulative and that the point will finally be reached when even the cruel Nazi discipline will be powerless to get pilots off on flights that mean almost certain death."

"That's the way it looks to me," said the policeman. "Well, I must be getting off around my beat. Have to look very carefully for cracks of light under doors or where window curtains aren't pulled right together. Warn them first time and summon them if it happens again."

"Good night, then. I'll be going." "Good-night, and good luck. Don't put that light on till you get about a hundred yards on."

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FROM WEEK TO WEEK

Children of the Blackout Express Themselves

BY B. K. SANDWELL

I HAVE just completed the task of reading several hundred essays sent in to SATURDAY NIGHT by evacuee children competing for the prizes offered for the best essays on "My Impressions of Canada." I do not think that I have ever before

been so deeply moved by any collection of manuscripts sent in for my editorial consideration. These little essays have all the disarming frankness which so often characterizes the utterances of those who have not yet learned that the chief use of language is to conceal one's thoughts. (Children and great artists have this frankness in common, with the difference that the great artist has passed through the stage of instinctive concealment and emerged into a self-revelation which is conscious and deliberate and is due to the belief that by revealing himself he may be of assistance to others.) Our young guests have much to tell us about ourselves which is worthy of our attention because it is entirely sincere and is the result of a very clear-eyed observation. But the parts of their essays that moved me most were those in which they were most frank about themselves.

HARDLY one in three of these young essayists failed to enumerate, among their first and liveliest impressions, their delight at finding themselves in a place where the dazzling artificial illumination made possible by the late Mr. Edison is still the predominant feature of night-time in cities and towns. Here is a whole generation of young people growing up, presumably all over Europe, in conditions in which pitchy darkness, broken only by the stabbing fingers of the search-lights when the enemy is actually overhead, is the unvarying accompaniment of the hours from sundown to sunrise. A generation of children whose whole life is being spent in what is in effect the front line of a battle, who may find themselves under fire at any moment, and whose homes—those homes which to normal childhood are the very foundation of its sense of security—may at any moment be blown into a mass of rubble and dust. How tragic must be the effect of these conditions upon their sensitive minds!

Another favorite subject of comment is the structure of the Canadian home edifice. There is frequent comment upon the extensive use of wood, so rare in England, as a building material. And what, gentle reader, do you suppose is the standpoint from which these young evacuees judge the relative merits of wood and brick as building material? It is their relative powers of resistance to bomb explosions. The majority opinion appears to be that wood, presumably by reason of its greater elasticity, would stand up against the effects of bombing, other than a direct hit, better than brick. I am not sure of the scientific validity of this conclusion; but once again, what are we to think of a generation which has learned by bitter necessity to apply such standards of judgment to architectural questions?

THERE is much in these essays, naturally, on the subject of things to eat and drink. Our young guests find our varied supply of vegetables very picturesque to look at, but show a very limited enthusiasm for most of them as articles of diet. In this I suppose they are in no wise different from the children, and for that matter the adults also, of our own and other nations. They want what they are accustomed to, and dislike what they are not accustomed to. I have known Canadians who traveled all over Europe with no other gastronomic interest than the search for Europe's nearest equivalent to a really good North American beefsteak, and to whom the discovery of a restaurant which could produce flapjacks was more exciting than the Leaning Tower of Pisa or the Whispering Gallery of St. Paul's. These unfortunate children have been brought up in a country in which salads are difficult to make attractive because of the lack of refrigeration; and it will take time for them to learn that with refrigeration the

North American salad is not only one of the healthiest but also one of the most delightful of viands.

There is a disposition also towards a great deal of reserve on the subject of milk. England has had an energetic and prolonged campaign for the popularization of milk as an article of diet for the young; but this campaign does not seem to have had much effect on the children who have engaged in SATURDAY NIGHT's essay competition. Their Canadian hosts have evidently been trying to convert them to milk drinking, and essay after essay contains a reluctant admission that the drinking of milk may be good for the health, followed by some such pathetic qualification as "we in England do seem to get along very well with tea and other things to drink." Here again I think it should be remembered that milk in England, being served at "room temperature," does lack a good deal of the interest which it acquires from residence in the refrigerator.

The mechanical appliances so common in Canadian domestic life, especially those which employ electric current, have quite evidently fascinated our young visitors, who occupy many pages with their admiration. Some of them have odd ideas as to the purposes for which these utensils should be employed. There is one pair of English youngsters to whom hot toast is as unfamiliar and consequently unpalatable as cold milk, and who therefore, since the family with which they are staying makes its own toast at the breakfast table, insist on taking their slices to the refrigerator to chill them before buttering. They give an economic reason for this curious habit, namely that it saves butter, which is probably true but is not much of a consideration in a country which has a butter surplus; but I suspect that the real reason for their action is that toast is cold in England and they therefore like to have it cold in Canada. Patriotism and national pride are to no inconsiderable extent made up of things no more logical than a belief in cold toast because cold toast is English; and the patriotism and national pride in England which breathe in every line of these essays is their loveliest and most heart-breaking quality.

Most of our young visitors have already, as was inevitable, discovered that their accent is slightly

different from that of their new hosts, and I do very earnestly hope that the young Canadians, at school and in the playing fields, who are going to have the most intimate contacts with them will bear in mind that an accent is not necessarily either better or worse, more right or more wrong, for being different from that of, let us say, eastern Ontario. Take the case, for example, of the young lady from Bath, who when asked, as she naturally always is, where she comes from has to reply by naming that town with the broad a which is natural to its inhabitants, and who finds that her interlocutors invariably reply by repeating it either with a Canadian flat a or with an exaggerated version of the English broad one. This young lady admits that she finds this embarrassing, and I am not at all surprised; perhaps the best thing she could do would be to substitute the ancient Latin name of the town and state that she comes from Aquae Sulis.

The presence of these young people in our midst is affording us a magnificent opportunity for the practice of the highest kind of courtesy. I gather from these essays that we are not doing badly at it; but it is very important, not only for the present happiness of our little guests but for the future relations between Britain and Canada, that we should do the very best that we can.



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Our Evacuee Guests Have Their Say

SEVERAL hundred essays were sent in by as many of Canada's little war guests in SATURDAY NIGHT's competition for the best essay on "My Impressions of Canada." Too many of them dealt with too obvious material such as the driving on the right-hand side of the road, the size of the trains, the number of wooden houses, and the "great open spaces." But nearly twenty of them were so good that we just cannot leave all but two of that group unrewarded. The offer was two prizes, one of \$10 and one of \$5; but we are adding two more of \$2.50 each and a small flock of honorable mentions which will be accompanied by one dollar each.

First prize goes to Enid Fullerton, now at 197 Dawlish Avenue, Toronto age not stated except that she is under the limit of 16.

Second prize goes to Margaret Rodger, now at Ottawa Ladies' College—also "under sixteen."

The essays of these young contestants are printed herewith. The other two prize-winning essays, and extracts from the honorable mentions, will appear next week.

Third prize goes to Joan Patricia Threlford, now at St. Helen's School, Dunham, Que., age 13.

Fourth prize goes to John Yeoman, care of W. Davison, Blenheim, Ont., age 8.

Honorable mentions go to: Eileen Gage, care of Mrs. S. A. Bingham, Chatham, Ont.

Christopher J. Webber, care of Fred T. Rich, Handsworth, Sask.

Margaret Bickford-Smith, Haverhill College, Toronto, Ont.

Royden Harrison, Pickering College, Newmarket, Ont.

Ronald Fitch, 10628-125th Street, Edmonton, Alta.

Richard E. Mackie, Vernon Preparatory School, Vernon, B.C.

Shirley Anne Rooper, Riverbend School, Winnipeg, Man.

Valerie Herron, Bishop Strachan School, Toronto, Ont.

Margaret Beal, Kelvin High School, Winnipeg, Man.

Deirdre A. L. Methven, St. Helen's

School, Dunham, Que.

Daphne Glynn-Jones, care of Thomas Oakley, 30 Donwoods Drive, York Mills, Ont.

Joan Kinnear, Ottawa Ladies' College, Ottawa, Ont.

Anne Bower, care of Mrs. Challies, Napanee, Ont.

Myra Neil, care of Mrs. A. Tanner, Essondale, B.C.

We have to express our sincere thanks to innumerable teachers and school principals, and quite a number of guardians, for the trouble taken in certifying to the eligibility of the contestants.

Here is Frankness

Enid Fullerton's essay, which we feel ranks first in virtue of its great frankness as well as its literary quality, is as follows:

HE SEIZED my hand, crushed it to a pulp, and returned it to the chief mourner, and I ruefully reflected that his handshake ought not to be used except as a tourniquet.

"Well, well," he boomed, "and how do you like Canada?"

To all of my English war-guest readers the sound of these words will fill them with loathing. This is always the first question asked by Canadians, though a few discerning ones quickly add, "I suppose that that is the question everyone asks you." The title of this essay is probably prompted by the same solicitude, and I will endeavor to answer it as well as I can.

One of the most important topics as far as I am concerned is the schools. Many people over here do not know that the schools in Britain are privately owned. It is true that there are some Council schools—like elementary schools—to which children may go free if their parents are very poor and cannot pay high fees, but these children are not very numerous. I am sorry to say that this scheme is abused and many who can well afford to pay the money take advantage of the system and send

their children to Council schools and do not pay the fees that they could well afford to. The High Schools sometimes are like the Elementary and High Schools combined and a child may spend his whole school life at the same school, so I think it is an advantage having a break half-way through like the Canadian children do when transferring from the one school to the other. The private schools only receive a little pecuniary aid from the government and so there is a spirit of competition between the schools which is lacking here. This competition is a good thing as it has raised the standard of education far above that of the Canadian schools. The older English children are mostly two or even three years ahead of the Canadian children of the same age and in the English schools schooling can be continued two or even three years after what corresponds to the Canadian senior matriculation.

I was amazed to find that there seemed to be less freedom of speech than in Britain as freedom of speech is one of the first essentials of the democracy which we are fighting to defend. I heard of a case of young Canadian who was going to join the army. An elderly friend when informed of this exclaimed:

"Faith, a shame it is that a foine boy like you should have to be a joining of the army."

The soldier reported his words and he was brought up before the court for his careless speech. It is only a trivial example and there was some justification for the prosecution but it is the principle of the thing that counts. In England and especially in Hyde Park, any citizen—unsoaped or otherwise—may stand on a soap-box and preach about Communism, Conservatism or Conscription with impunity, though when Unity Mitford began talking about Hitler she went too far and she was rather badly used by the crowd.

I had heard much before I came of the lovely Canadian fall, but no description could sufficiently extol its grandeur. Autumn is usually portrayed as the decaying ghost of a dying year with all the world in mourning. I think that it should be called the birth of a new year. It is a time when nature loses her staidness and in riotous abandon flings all her exotic colours on the trees. Everywhere a riot of pinks, purples, yellows, "blood-red drops of beech leaves, stabbed in autumn's first skirmish," with now and then a splash of sombre green from coniferous trees.

The first thing that struck me coming up from Montreal as the hours crawled by like paralytic centipedes was the fields surrounded by quaint snake and stump fences, with only an occasional glimpse of a patch of cultivation or dwelling-house. In Britain every square foot of fertile land is of vital importance, and the farmer gets subsidy for every acre ploughed.

Here laborers' cottages are conspicuous by their absence. In England small clusters of cottages are found and there are usually three or four workmen from these who work on each farm, whereas in Canada, or at least around Toronto, many of the farms are just playthings, worked at the week-end by city men or where retired business men lead leisurely lives.

It seems to me that the cost of living is dearer here. Many a time I have been tempted to buy something I have seen in a window, and suddenly the idea is "nipped in the budget."

by a glimpse of the price ticket. Or is it just that we in Britain have more Scottish blood in us? It is very bewildering too, to receive a long string of directions in which the words north, South, East and West predominate. If the sun is showing, by long and tedious calculation a vague impression of in which direction the South is can be obtained, but otherwise I am utterly at a loss whereas Canadians seem to know by instinct. Maybe some day I will learn. Perhaps!

By careful counting I have deduced that I have nearly written the maximum number of words, but in conclusion may I implore, nay entreat you, when next you meet an English war-guest, not to ask them, "How do you like Canada?"

The Outlandish Salad

Margaret Rodger's essay, second prize, is as follows:

DURING the four months I have spent in Canada the picture I have held in mind has been little changed in outline but certainly enriched with light and shade, coloring both gay and sombre.

We arrived in Montreal early on a Sunday morning and owing to the crowded trains decided to spend the day there. We went on a tour of the city and though I feel ashamed to say so laughed helplessly every time the conductor spoke. The queer and almost unintelligible rendering of the English language was something we got used to with time but at first we had to listen and answer carefully.

It was also in Montreal that we first tasted Canadian food. On entering a restaurant for tea, we discovered that one was expected to eat such outlandish dishes as salads and drink such things as iced-tea.

When, feeling very aggrieved, we finally ordered fruit salad, we were served, much to our surprise and consternation, a mixture of fruit and vegetables covered with cream cheese. Not one of us succeeded in finishing the dish. Of course not all Canadian dishes are such strange combinations, and after all I will just have to adjust my tastes a little.

As a city, Montreal, especially the residential area, was a pleasant surprise to us. Those who have lived in English towns and cities, and know of the filth and grime to be found in almost all of them, will find Canadian towns a pleasure to live in.

The beautiful buildings, well-kept towns and streets of Ottawa set an example rarely followed at home. I am surprised to see however that trams or street-cars are still to be found in the Capital of Canada.

As by the towns so have I been impressed by the countryside of Canada, which is entirely different to anything in Britain. For the prevalent atmosphere of cosiness, to be found particularly in England, is substituted that of spaciousness. Everything seems to be on a bigger scale in the country, even the flowers; think of the St. Lawrence, compare it with the Thames and you will nearly lose the Thames during the process. Not long ago I had the opportunity of seeing the most wonderful autumn coloring I have ever seen. I was taken up the Gatineau river with several other British girls, and to our unaccustomed eyes, the countryside about for miles seemed to be flaming with a thousand different colors. Two of us attempted to paint the scenery, which of course was a drop from the sublime to the

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DESIRE

GIVE me the rocks and the winds of the sea blowing,
And the grey fog all the face of the waters masking.
Give me the chant of the tides in the night flowing.

And the rest of the green earth is yours for asking.

Give me the jade-green of the dawn-breaking
Pale on the streaming crags, and the sand rippled.

Give me the surf's roar and the foam flaking,

And the grey land and the sky, cloud-strippled.

Give me these, and my hands, and my heart singing.

And the last light over the world bending.

The white birds in from the dark winging,

And my love to kiss my lips at the day's ending.

DONALD L. AIKEN, Merridale, Man.

ridiculous, but amusing all the same

It was in Ottawa that I tested the far-famed hospitality of the Canadian nation and found it in no way wanting. In fact I had scarcely a spare day during the holidays, for people, many of whom I had never heard of before, were always taking me out lest I should feel homesick or lonely. How very different indeed is this to the formal reserve of the Englishman who will not shake hands until he is properly introduced!

School life is particularly strange, the methods of teaching being very slow compared with those of England. Generally speaking mathematics in Canada are more advanced and English subjects less so, which is really of course what it should be. The atmosphere however is entirely different, for what Canadian girl I have known do not seem to work so keenly or play so keenly as their contemporaries in England. Their interests seem to be occupied by the latest lipstick or nail polish, unhearing of items in English schools.

And I wonder, as do we all, what the outcome of this war will be. We are in the "black-out" of life and amongst other things the future is blotted out. But this I do know, that we, the younger generation, shall in due time return and carry with us torches fanned by the flame of a wider knowledge of mankind. Pray God, that with them we may help to rekindle the lights of the world.

THE HITLER WAR

Axis Mediterranean Drive Under Way

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

THE Axis winter offensive in the Mediterranean is under way, and if it bristles with danger for us, it is also studded with difficulties for Hitler and Mussolini. The Duce's press speaks of "the most solemn and decisive hour of this world war" and Hitler and Keitel come anxiously down to Florence to watch Italy's Greek campaign get under way.

The preparatory moves, diplomatic and political, of the past several weeks now begin to fit into a broad picture. The pact with Japan was to hold back American planes from the Battle of Britain and immobilize Russia. The settlement with Spain and Vichy France was to cover Germany's rear as she turned East and South. The move into Rumania was to give Hitler military control of the entire Balkan Peninsula, prevent a Balkan War with the possibility of British, Russian and Turkish intervention, and block any forward move of Stalin's towards Bulgaria and the Straits. Sumer's visit to Berlin was to prepare Spain's part, and Bagrianoff's visit to the Axis capitals Bulgaria's. The agreement with Vichy was to bring naval and air bases on both sides of Gibraltar, to settle the question of the large French Army in North Africa in Graziani's rear, and to open up Syria as a threat at Turkey's back and a bridgehead for an attack on the other side of Suez.

The open military move in Greece bears a strong resemblance strategically, if not in execution, to the move into Norway. The conquest of Greece would give the Axis advanced air and naval bases on their flank which might otherwise be open to Britain. It would leave Yugoslavia bound and helpless like Sweden. It would present a menace on Turkey's flank, as Norway did on Britain's. It may also be intended, as some believe Norway was, to draw British forces away from the main battleground. After Norway, Germany struck with all her might in the Low Countries. Where will the Axis strike after Greece?

The capture of Alexandria is the ultimate goal in the Mediterranean,

as the invasion of Britain was in Western Europe. Since the Italian Fleet can't approach it by sea, it will have to be taken by land. That means either from Libya or from the Syrian side, or from both together. Graziani's campaign from Libya presented by far the most straightforward method of taking Alexandria. Three months ago Italy had an overwhelming superiority of force here. The procedure required was so logically to lock the front door at Gibraltar and the back door on the Red Sea and then close in on the British in Egypt from Libya and Ethiopia that one can only assume that attempts have been made to do this and have failed. Spain must have rebuffed all efforts to bring her into the war and either besiege Gibraltar herself or allow German or Italian troops to do it—and there may have been rivalry between the Axis Powers here,—while the conquest of Somaliland and the neutralization of Djibouti entirely failed to change the situation around Aden.

Now since the beginning of September the British have poured so many reinforcements into this theatre of war that the whole situation has been changed. Gibraltar, Malta and Aden have all received more men and ships, and the *New York Times* correspondent in Egypt finds it hard to restrain his enthusiasm over the new guns, tanks and planes which have lately arrived on that front. And still the doors are open. Now it will take much more Axis weight to conquer Egypt. In fact the safety of the Italian forces themselves in Libya, increasingly blockaded—as is evident from the number of Italian supply ships reported sunk lately—and with a French Army of 30 divisions still loose in North Africa in their rear, may soon be in question. What new plan have the Axis schemers formulated to meet this situation?

More than ever, the doors must be closed. The latest Italian effort to raid our convoys in the Red Sea has

been repulsed, however, and left the small Fascist naval force in Eritrea permanently reduced by one destroyer. Hitler's visit to General Franco has not yet secured the closing of Gibraltar, but may have won a promise of Spanish intervention when the Axis could show convincing proof that the war would be settled quickly. Spain, ruined, divided and hungry, cannot face a long war. The French Army in North Africa must be neutralized. This must have been one of the main concerns of Hitler's visit to Pétain. Possession of the main aerodromes of Morocco, Algeria and Tunisia would give him the simplest way of controlling these forces. Then, if enough British force could be drawn away from Egypt to restore something of the former Italian advantage there, Graziani might, with a large reinforcement of German dive bombers (which have been noticeably missing from the Battle of Britain lately), push ahead on Alexandria. The only other alternative is the ad-

vance of a large German Army through Turkey and Syria, to force the British to divide their forces and fight on two fronts.

It seems quite possible, therefore, that the attack on Greece is based on the first alternative, the hope of luring a considerable British force away from Egypt; while the Germans stand ready in Rumania to either smash such a British expedition or push ahead through Bulgaria, which is be-

ing rapidly conditioned for German occupation, against Turkey. Probably the Germans would heartily welcome a Turkish move across the narrow strip of Greek Thrace to help hold Salonika against the Italians, and would fall on these exposed communications with glee; and probably that is why the Turks will not send an army that way to help the Greeks.

The situation in the Battle of (Continued on Page 15)



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SIR WILLIAM GLASGOW, the Australian High Commissioner to Canada.

—Kersh, Ottawa.

Must We Really "Wipe Out" Herr Everyman?

WHAT are we to think about the Germans? Like a contributor to SATURDAY NIGHT this summer, many people believe that there must be something inherently beastly in the German, which can only be controlled by brute force. Analogies are drawn from the (alleged) best method of training dogs. Beat a dog savagely and it will recognize you as master. Treat the Germans as they are treating the Poles, and they will never want to go to war again.

There are those who go further and suggest wiping all the Germans out, the whole eighty-odd million of them. Some weeks ago the English *Daily Mirror* reported an article in a parish magazine by the Rev. C. W. Whipp, who "advocated the annihilation of the German race and concluded, 'There can be no peace until Hitler and all who believe in him are sent to the hell which is their place of origin and final home'." The headline for this report was THANK GOD FOR THIS VICAR.

To suggest to a Londoner whose children have been machine-gunned or drowned that he should take an

objective view of the Germans would be regarded by him, with some reason, as monstrous. Nevertheless, it is possible. Canadians who will have to take their share in the peace settlement should use the opportunity which relative isolation gives them to study the problem of German responsibility calmly. If civilians indulge in orgies of blind hatred which cannot be translated into action they merely damage their own psychological balance. It is our duty to use our brains as efficiently and coolly as our soldiers use their weapons.

EDMUND BURKE maintained that you cannot indict a whole nation. That is too simple. The German people must be held collectively responsible for this war, as they were for the last, but different sections of them are guilty in different ways. Let us look into the future and imagine, not one defendant in the dock, but the members of a gang the leader, the "brains", the man who put up the money, the technical expert, the strong-arm man, the stooge. Their wives and children are sitting

BY HUGH ARNOTT

in court wondering what their fate is to be.

The count against the leader of the gang scarcely needs any comment at this stage. We rather hope he will commit suicide to save us the trouble, but we also hope that the eyes of his dupes are opened first. We don't want him to become a mythical hero. A remarkable man, we feel, but in case another unlucky conjunction of circumstances arises to give him his chance, for the general comfort he is better out of the way. That goes for his deputies, too.

There are two figures representing the brains of the gang. One is the mouthpiece. In the intervals of shouting threats, he used to pretend that the gang was not really a gang, but a respectable dairy company delivering the milk of human kindness and other much needed commodities. It was difficult, once they stopped keeping butter and the milk went demonstrably sour. The gang is faced with realities now, and their cynical purveyor of falsehood must go. But the other member of the

gang intelligentsia can be reformed. He's been busy inventing bombs. He doesn't like the job, particularly when his laboratory receives unexpected samples of his rivals' work, not by post. He'd much rather work at a new pneumonia drug with his old Jewish friend. But as a member of the gang he felt he had to support it; if he hadn't he would have been eliminated. We can use him, but we'll have to keep him away from explosives.

THE man who put up the money is a very unheroic figure, especially now that all his money has gone. He subsidized the gang to beat up trade unionists among his workers, so that he could continue to use them without regard for their rights. He got what he wanted, up to a point. The workers were enslaved. But, after a while, so was he. He found he couldn't control his own factories; wages, hours, conditions of labor, supply of raw materials, production rate, foreign marketing, the character of his product, were all governed by a vast and inefficient bureaucracy in the name of the gang. His is a dangerous mentality; for the sake of short-run advantages he was prepared to back a gang which ultimately destroyed the law and order on which trade and prosperity depend. We shall see to it that he never again accumulates enormous wealth and irresponsible power.

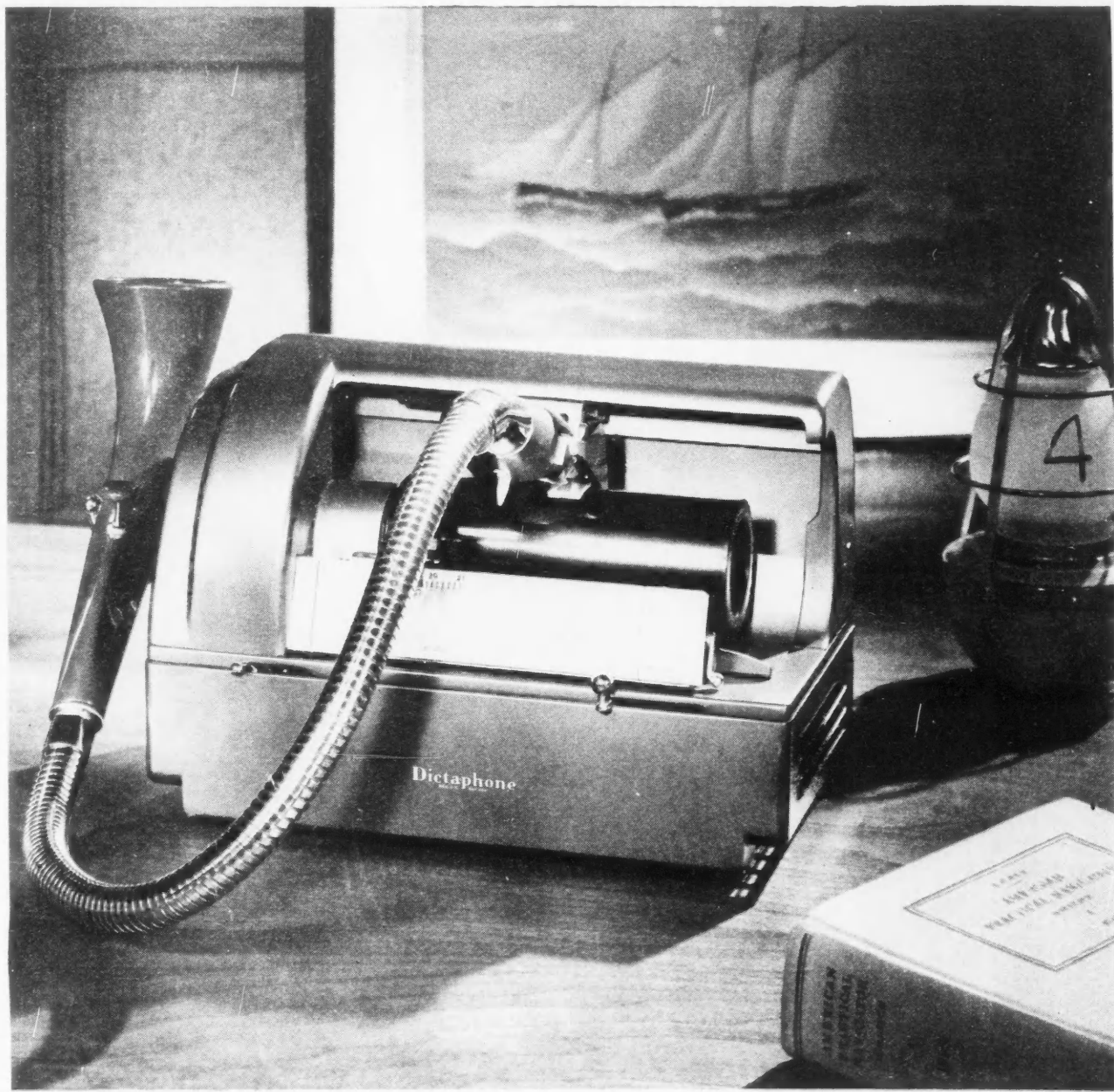
The gang also has a technical expert, who taught them how to use their bombs and machine-guns. For this he always put on a special suit. He was very proud of it and also of his family's long history as technical experts. He was fascinated by his own efficiency and the sense of power it gave him. He was ready to back any gang which gave him an opportunity to use his professional skill. He is certainly the bravest and most disinterested member of the gang, but his whole outlook is dated. Unless he cares to go back to his estate and confine himself to shooting pheasants, we can't do anything with him. Of course there are not going to be any machine-guns left around for him to keep in practice with.

The strong-arm man is a pitiable case. He is quite young, for one thing. We let him play at street corners because there was no work for him. The gang got hold of him, encouraged a taste for cruelty, mocked at his mother's religion, helped to stifle his dying conscience. When they broke into France's store

he was paid off with a pair of silk stockings, while the high-ups took the safe. They kept him doped with lies, to keep him from faltering in his gruesome task. We are not sure now whether he is due for a hop-head's grave or not. Conquering our aversion to this debased and revolting spectacle, we will supervise him closely, to see whether he has any chance of cure. If he continues to believe in violence, we shall not bother with him any more.

WHO remains? The stooge, Herr Jedermann (German for Everyman), pushed about by the gang until he finally lands in the dock. We are not sure exactly who he is. His features are vague—the broad cheek-bones and fair hair of the North German, the dark eyes and sensitive hands of the Bavarian. He can't be absolutely sure that he didn't have a Jewish great-great-great-grandmother. He speaks with the pure accent of the Palatinate, he enjoyed Viennese coffee with whipped cream long, long ago. He has a cousin in Brazil, another in Canada, two brothers in the U.S. At one time he worked in the Silesian coalfields, at another he farmed in Transylvania. Once he spent several months carving wooden animals in the Black Forest. His favorite amusements used to be hiking en famille, listening to Beethoven, drinking Münchener Bier, watching "Schneeweiss und die sieben Zwerge", doing the Lambeth Walk. What he likes—and here is how the gang got hold of him—is being told how to think and what to do. He believed the gang when they told him the gang would look after him, that he was a fine fellow to belong to it, that those Poles and Czechs were just naturally sub-human. All the same he sometimes passed a cigarette to a prostrate Pole, instead of kicking him in the face as ordered. For a long time he thought the leader was simply a political boss who had found him a job, and who would prevent crime, then as the crimes initiated by the gang seemed to go well he thought it wasn't too bad, although he wanted very much to go back to his family. The time came when he began to have the glimmering of an idea that not only were his leaders unable to protect him from unpleasant consequences, but also that crime does not pay. (His ideas were never very original.) When he refused to do anything further for the gang, it began to break up.

To drop the analogy, the ordinary German has in my opinion in-



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Driven and harried by incessant air raids, Londoners are going underground like so many moles. Here a group of enterprising people have gathered in an underground tube station to catch what sleep they can.

curred responsibility for the war which he should not be allowed to avoid. From to time I have talked in Germany to people who showed an appalling ignorance of the issues involved in Hitler's foreign policy. I remember particularly a tea-party in Berlin in February, 1939. The company consisted almost entirely of well-educated people, all of whom had some reason to deplore the rise of Hitler. One had taken a great part in public life, from which she was now completely barred. Another was unable to go on with his chosen profession, and so on. These people were well aware of the unspeakable private lives of Hitler's associates, and they regarded the pogrom of the previous November as disgraceful. (Incidentally, a great many Germans were shocked by this, but of course did nothing.)

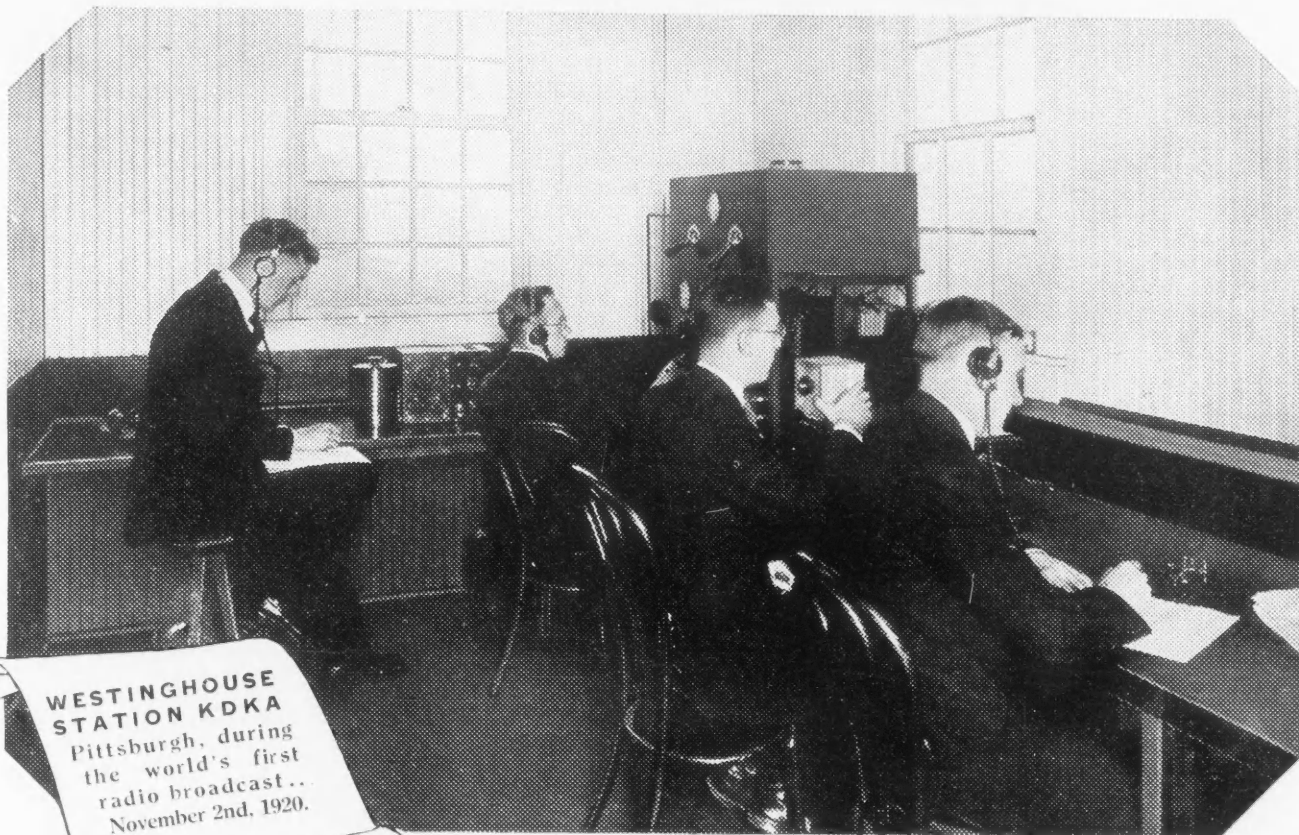
But what surprised me was that not one of these relatively enlightened people had a word to say in condemnation of Hitler's foreign policy. Anything which Hitler did against the Czechs — he entered Prague a few weeks later — was all right, because they thought he was protecting Germany against a ring of enemies. They were sure that after Munich Great Britain was friendly — therefore, they said, Britain will never go to war with us for simply taking ordinary precautions against our enemies! I was able to see the truth of Ambassador Gerard's theory that the ordinary German, after centuries of war, is terrified of it, and so is easily led into believing that Germany will be attacked by Russians (in 1914) or Poles unless Germans get there first. If well-educated liberals or Social-Democrats fell for this old gag, it is not surprising that ordinary folk with no knowledge of the outside world were completely taken in. A friend of mine was in a café in Stuttgart when the Russo-German pact was signed. The news was announced by a waiter almost weeping with joy. The beer-drinkers clapped each other on the back, toasted Ribbentrop. Why? Because they felt that now Germany had a friend, that the circle of enemies was broken, that no one would dare to attack, in short, that there would be peace. My friend said he never felt so like Cassandra in his life. He knew quite well that Hitler was determined to attack Poland and that the deal with Russia made such an attack an almost certain success. That war, in fact, was practically inevitable. Because for the second time the ordinary Germans have displayed a willingness to be deceived about the foreign policy of their rulers, because cowardice and ignorance have delivered them into the hands of people who think war is glorious, they must bear the responsibility when they come to judgment.

WE'RE not going to hang Herr Jedermann, still less his wife and children, but never again will we allow his stupidity and docility to be a standing temptation to gangsters. He wants to be bossed. Very well, we will do it.

If we speculate about the future, we may reach the conclusion that after the war the English-speaking democracies may have to take over the whole of Germany and run it in the interests of what is best in the German character. It will be a colossal task, more difficult in some ways than winning the war. The British Commonwealth and the U.S. would together have to set the tone of this permanent occupation; neither French nor Polish, for different reasons, could be allowed decisive influence. The British made a success within limits of the Rhineland occupation and there is no reason why their system of educative fairness and wise co-operation should not make the German people a steady instead of a destructive element in Europe.

But what about the Rev. C. W. Whipp? Wouldn't it be simpler just to wipe all the Germans out? Perhaps it would, but the idea's quite impossible for one good and conclusive reason. We couldn't do it. We may get angry, even to the point of lynching parachutists, but we've neither training nor taste for mass slaughter. Can you see a private of the Princess Pats sticking his bayonet into German babies? I can't.

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T H E O L D E S T N A M E I N B R O A D C A S T I N G

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

"Let's Face All the Facts Right Now!"

BY POLITICUS

ON THURSDAY Parliament begins a new session. Two hundred and forty-five representatives of the people of Canada will assemble in the House of Commons for the first time since the daylight hours were scared out of those, both in and out of the Government, who believed in a moderate, voluntary, easy-going war effort. Since Parliament met in the days of the fall of France, when the whole world seemed on the verge of collapse, the centre of importance has been shifted from the recruiting of manpower to that of the delivery of equipment.

Under public pressure and the demand of events the Government initiated certain necessary movements. How far have those changes progressed? What has been done in that time? How effectively and with what speed have the needs of Canada's armed forces been fulfilled? Is the Government doing enough? Are the right men in the key posts? Are industries essential to the war being sufficiently geared to high speed? Are the plants working three eight-hour shifts? Are the gaps being plugged? Are the bottlenecks being blown clear?

Those are some of the questions the members of Parliament will have to ask. To find the answers to those questions Parliament is being paid by the taxpayers. To make certain that everything that can humanly be done is being done, quickly, effectively, honestly, is the job for the individual members of Parliament.

A Lot of Questions

And the job must be done in the open so that the whole country can see, and not done by whispering in the ears of ministers who may or may not believe that certain jobs should be done.

The public and the press has little opportunity of finding out what is really going on. Information that the public ought to know and the press has a right to search for is not available. And that which is available is not subject to the cross-examination and scrutiny that Parliament can give it.

Members of Parliament might well inquire and find out why no Canadian rifles have yet been made and supplied to our rifle battalions? Why there is a shortage of Vickers machine guns for our machine gun units? Why there is a shortage of signal equipment? Are the Bren guns being turned out in sufficient volume? Are there any 25-pounders for our artillery? Is the manufacture of tanks progressing with the fullest possible speed? Why are no airplane engines being made in Canada today? Why? Why? Why? must be the cry of Parliament.

There may be good and sufficient answers for all those questions. Politicians for one would be happy if answers given are all adequate and show that there is not a thing left undone that must be done; that every contract that is being let is let to the party best able to give speediest and most effective performance; that after the contract is let there is sufficient inspection to see that the plants are moving with the greatest possible speed.

The job can be done by Parliament and must be done by Parliament before there is a completely satisfied Dominion having full confidence in the Government's actions.

Job for Private Members

Private Liberal members must take the onus of doing the job that in peace time is usually the work of the Opposition. It is everyone's job today, not just that of an ineffective Opposition, to make certain that everything is being done. Members on the Government side of the House must earn their pay; they must perform the duties they have sworn to perform; they must satisfy the

people of Canada that we are all out in everything that is being done. They must not sit like bumps on a log trying to look important and writing letters to ministers for favors for friends and constituents. No one is asking the members to act as if they had ants in their pants, but it is essential that they must inquire, be critical, dig under the surface of statements made, investigate and make sure, absolutely sure, that there is no lead-swinging anywhere.

Canadians daily read in their newspapers that a contract was let for \$1,000,000. Or \$2,000,000. Or maybe it is \$100,000. That half a billion dollars is being spent, or maybe it is a billion. That doesn't mean a thing to anyone. All any of us want to know and are interested in is delivery. How many shells. How many tanks. How many guns. How many fully equipped divisions. And

fully equipped does not end with uniforms, boots and razors, leaving the units on west and east coasts to fight with tent pegs.

The answer that Parliament must find for all of us is the meaning of those contracts. Parliament must pry into the Munitions and Supply department set-up and find out what is going on. A book of contracts let all listed in order of their letting and not even grouped in classes of equipment is useless. Parliament must find out what is going on, for Canadians not only want to know, they must know. The fall of France is still too fresh in the minds of Canadians. Everything was hunky dory. There was no inquiry. Everything was beautiful. Every plant was belching black smoke and the army was the best equipped in the world and could sit and wait for the attack. Canadians must make sure through their members of Parliament that there is no repetition in Canada of France's failure to arm.

Every member of Parliament might well think of France when he reads statements in the press that conferences are being held and plans are being laid which will lead to a contract which will then lead to the building of a plant and will then lead to the installation of machinery and then lead to the production of goods. True it is that no man can rub the lamp and presto! find the factory all tooled up and ready to go. But everyone has a right to see and know for a certainty that there is no one slacking on the job. And no one is in a better position than the member of Parliament to find out.

What Crerar Says

If there is any doubt of the lack of equipment one need but read the speech which the Chief of the General Staff, Major-General H. D. G. Crerar, made in Ottawa last week. There are several paragraphs which are particularly worth reading.

Here is one of them: "We have a large Active Service force mobilized in this country. We have scores of thousands of officers and men in our reserve formations. No better material for a matchless fighting force can be found in the world. But, we have some distance to go before our supplies of armament and equipment can be brought up to the level of the

requirements of war or existing fighting manpower."

And further: "We cannot contribute to the winning of the war in Europe or importantly to the defence of our own shores by mobilizing masses of partially trained men with inadequate arms and equipment. It is obvious that we cannot expect to procure in the United Kingdom these essential armaments in view of the needs of the forces now facing the enemy in the several theatres of operations overseas. We cannot now count largely on provision by our good neighbors, the United States, as this country is now faced with its own great problem of speedily producing modern armaments for 45 divisions and 10 armored divisions."

Or again: "In the circumstances which now obtain, the number of Canadians which we can usefully enlist and commission in the Army is limited by the extent and speed with which we can obtain from the industry of this nation the military machines and weapons needed to equip them, to train them and essential to their future success in battle."

It is up to Canadian industry to produce. It is up to the Munitions and Supply department to see that that production is forthcoming with all haste. It is up to Parliament to make certain that there is no failure all down the line.

If Parliament should fail us...

Pros and Cons of the U.S. Elections

BY GOLDWIN GREGORY

WE ARE now so near to the date of the United States presidential election that there remains among the incalculable elements only the possibility of a last-minute swing over of popular sentiment, produced either by some event which has not yet occurred, or by the delayed repercussions of some earlier feature of the campaign. One of these features is the "no third term" shibboleth, which, while in recent weeks it does not seem to have had much influence, may very well emerge on the eve of the election with renewed vigor, and exert a strong influence among voters who are otherwise doubtful of their stand. My own guess is, however, that the argument that if the voters break the questionable tradition against a President succeeding himself more than once they will be imperilling the "American way of life" has been worked too hard and is not likely to develop more effectiveness in the closing days.

The indications for the last few weeks have been that there has been going on a distinct resurgence of Willkie sentiment which constitutes a strong reversal of the trend of the weeks following the official acceptance speech. For this reversal of trend no cause is discernible other than the courageous behavior of the candidate himself, acting in sharp contrast to the conduct which most of his party advisers would force on him. He stands almost alone—a one-man show.

No president since Lincoln has been at the same time so much loved and so much hated as Mr. Roosevelt. That his personal popularity is not now so great as it was in 1936 is not to be doubted, and that many Americans entertain grave fears of the possible consequences of his domestic policy is equally certain. Of these factors the Republican professional politicians sought to take full advantage, and to that end stirred up whatever personal hostility to the President that they could. Mr. Willkie, although he knew well that thereby he could profit, refused to be led along this road. He saw that it would open wounds that after election would not easily heal; he recognized the desperate need for disturbing national unity as little as possible, and that nothing was more destructive of morale than a descent to personalities; in any event, his gentlemanly instincts rebelled at such a course. So, with a handful of loyal advisers, he set out on a lonely road.

THE going at first was hard. He endorsed in a general way those policies which had in particular roused the wrath of Republicans and attacked only the method of their

administration, claiming that with his business experience he could better perform that task. He refused to straddle the fence on such questions as the destroyer transaction with Great Britain and peace-time conscription, although by pussyfooting or pretending to oppose he could have rallied to his support large elements of the people. In the one case he approved the end attained while deploring the President's having acted without the consent of Congress; in the other his whole-hearted approbation was largely responsible for breaking down a determined opposition in Congress. He continued to antagonize isolationists and anti-British sentiment by urging more and ever more aid to Britain, and quite recently he has gone so far as to appease those who see in the giving of it a possible incitement to war.

Yet there has been no gratitude on the part of the Democrats for Mr. Willkie's concessions of the rightness of their policies. It has them worried. They at one time regarded with delight the repercussions of the efforts made by Republican hacks to stir up anti-Roosevelt feeling. They had seen Mr. Willkie treated by angered workmen in industrial centres with an indignity the like of which had never in memory been loaded on a presidential candidate. Venting on him personally the spleen aroused by the attacks on their idol Roosevelt they took to throwing eggs and rotting vegetables at the Republican candidate and his wife; on one occasion a rock was heaved through a window of their private train. This treatment, added to the evidence that the polls gave of a decided trend to Roosevelt, led them to think that his election was "in the bag." Meanwhile, Mr. Willkie has been hitting hard and fair, and submitting to abuse with a dignity that is winning the grudging admiration of all his opponents.

THE inevitable reaction has come. As always, the crowd rallies to a gallant fighter of what might seem to be a losing cause, and in so far as votes may be swayed by sentiment the trend is now to Willkie. Where the choice lies between men rather than between policies this is a consideration which it would be foolish to ignore. Alarmed by this, and by its manifestation in polls of voters of Ohio, Michigan, Indiana and Illinois which indicate that three of these states have gone over to Willkie and in the fourth that he has improved his position, the Democrats are moved to aggressive action. Not only have they induced Mr. Roosevelt to take

the stump in contradiction of his previously expressed intentions, but they show signs of trying to direct toward Mr. Willkie some of the personal anathemas of the type which Republicans with boomerang effect had earlier tried to attach to Mr. Roosevelt. Officially, of course, the Democrats disavow any such attempt, as well they might, for it would be bound to hurt their man, but as the heat of the campaign increases there are sure to be indiscretions committed.

The spokesmen of the two parties have vied with each other in telling how their particular candidate can best carry on the work of making America impregnable and yet be certain to keep the country out of war. But neither leader emphasizes this latter point today as he did a month or so ago, and there is a growing, though still decidedly a minority, sentiment in favor of active participation in a war to which the United States is a party in all but a declaration of the fact. Any day some obscure happening overseas might precipitate that event and so greatly influence the election campaign that the reelection of Mr. Roosevelt would become a certainty. Indeed, any grave international crisis immediately preceding November 5 would be almost certain to persuade an overwhelming majority that the conduct of affairs must be left in the President's experienced hands. On the other hand, a lull in the storm through which he is now navigating with fairly general satisfaction might strike the people as an appropriate time for a change in command. What weather lies ahead is in the lap of the gods.

PRESUPPOSE, however, that there will be no change in the general course of the war between now and election day on the 5th of next month, and let us see how the campaign seems to be shaping.

That the southern and western states will give almost all their votes to Mr. Roosevelt seems safe to assume. Here and there, as perhaps in Oregon and maybe in Colorado, Mr. Willkie might pick up a few, but he starts under the tremendous handicap of knowing that the President is certain to maintain his 1936 conquest, although with reduced majorities, in the Solid South and in most states west of the Mississippi. The farm states of Kansas, Nebraska, the Dakotas and Minnesota are exceptions, and in them Mr. Willkie has more than an even chance. But the aggregate of their votes is not great.

New England offers the best opportunity for the Republican candidate. Maine and Vermont are certain—they went even for Landon—and the remainder are traditionally Republican. Massachusetts will be the hardest nut to crack, and offers the greatest inducement in number of votes, but, given fair weather, it is likely to return to its old allegiance.

It is in the great industrial states that the battle will be at its hottest. Pennsylvania, second only to New York in the number that it sends to the electoral college, has gone Democratic only once, in 1936. In the Congressional elections of 1938 it returned to the Republican column. In its rural parts it will go strongly for Willkie; the city vote particularly in Philadelphia, will determine the result and at present shows signs of being strong enough for Roosevelt to swing the state for him. But the trend here as elsewhere is against him, and it may be that a revival of anti-third-term sentiment will be enough to lose Pennsylvania to Willkie.

The latest Gallup poll transfers Michigan, Indiana and Illinois from Roosevelt to Willkie, and shows a gain for him in Ohio. He must carry these states as well as Pennsylvania to carry the country, and present indications are that he will. In Wisconsin he has a good chance, and Iowa and perhaps Oklahoma offer as good.

The mid-Atlantic states of Maryland and Delaware, along with West Virginia and Kentucky and possibly New Jersey, will probably go for Roosevelt, but here again the prevailing trend may swing them to Willkie with the assistance of a resurgent anti-third-term feeling.

All hinges on New York, with its forty-seven votes out of a total of five hundred and thirty-one, or almost nine per cent. Without this state, Willkie cannot hope to win, but Roosevelt could with the states of which he is already certain plus several of the industrial states.

In New York a few days ago this observer was surprised to sense a strong undercurrent of hostility to Mr. Roosevelt in quarters that he had previously believed to be more than friendly. He hazards the guess that, given a continuation of the present trend and in the absence of startling international developments, Mr. Willkie will carry New York State, and with it more than an even chance of being elected. He hastens to add, though, that his instinct leads him to think that Mr. Roosevelt, astute politician that he is, has something up his sleeve that will change the present picture.

Incidentally, Canadians have nothing to fear should Mr. Willkie become President.



This man is digging for the cannon of a Messerschmitt 109 which is imbedded about nine feet in the earth. The plane power dived to the ground after being shot down by a "Hurricane" on the south east coast.

The Axis Mediterranean Drive

(Continued from Page 11)

Greece will be somewhat clearer by the time this reaches the reader. As I write (Tuesday) the Italians have made little apparent progress, and are being held stubbornly by the Greeks. There has been no word of German planes, tanks or shock troops being seen in action, and no confirmation of reports that British forces have landed at Crete, Corfu, Cephalonia or Salonika. But it is not to be supposed that the Germans can allow this campaign to fail; and I gave a lot of reasons in last week's article why we should be at a great disadvantage if we tried to build a Salonika Front against their advance through Yugoslavia or Bulgaria. What we can do is aid the Greeks somewhat in their fight against the Italians, and then if the Germans swing into action, help move their army to Crete and the islands of the Aegean, which could be held as a citadel of Greek national life and culture for the duration of the war and used as sally ports from which to regain the mainland.

The holding of these islands would also isolate the Italian position in the Dodecanese (which means the Twelve islands, with Rhodes an extra), and would block an Axis invasion of Turkey via Salonika and Smyrna. I don't know how seriously

to take this project. But if Russia should make a deal with Hitler and Mussolini to partition Turkey and gain the Straits and the northern half of the country, the Axis drive would apparently have to pass through Smyrna. The strategic importance of Crete has often been stressed in this correspondence. It would provide a defensive outpost for our naval base at Alexandria, a half-way house on the way to Malta, and an offensive base for action against Italy. It would tighten the blockade of both Libya and the Dodecanese, and bring our bombers much closer to the former and almost on top of the latter. The elimination of the Italian position in the Dodecanese would seem to be one of our early objectives. As to the islands up the west coast of Greece, Corfu, used by the British Navy off and on for centuries, looks like too hot a spot, right off the Albanian coast. Even Cephalonia would be warm, if the Italians held the Greek mainland opposite, but it has the powerful attraction of allowing us to block the Corinth short-cut from Italy into the Aegean, through which it has been suggested Italy will try to bring her oil supplies from Rumania.

Working With Allies

Turning to the broader aspects of the Mediterranean campaign, the most interesting seems to me the disability which Hitler is going to be under working through allies down here instead of, as heretofore, planning and carrying out his military operations by himself. He is going to find a great difference. If he is

to use Italy, Spain and Vichy France, and get the best out of their resources, he will have to sell his ideas to them, suit his pace to theirs, be tactful and patient. If he moves too fast to take over complete control of them he may lose what he is after; if he proceeds one step at a time, according to the precepts laid down in "Mein Kampf," he may arrive at his end too late to win.

We have lately seen him reduced to flattering Franco, Pétain and Mussolini by travelling great distances to meet them, and in the case of Pétain offering military honors which come strangely from the man who only a few months before was ordering the machine-gunning of French women and children, honors whose servile acceptance by the Vichy press is nothing short of revolting. Now Hitler could occupy Vichy France and probably conquer Spain in short order, so he must have very good reasons for wooing them instead. If he occupied them he would, as we said, lose their willing co-operation and the best use of their resources, which are becoming increasingly necessary as the war goes on. He would tie down still more of his forces in Western Europe at a time when he wants to employ them in the Med-

iterranean and maintain a strong front against Russia. Occupation of the rest of France might lose him just the things he wants most from her, North Africa, the remains of the French Fleet, and Syria. Smashing the Vichy Government would sever the tie of loyalty which binds these to the homeland, and be just the thing to send them over to de Gaulle. Similarly, a threat of occupation of Spain might bring Right and Left together there as nothing else could, and might also bring the British into the Peninsula, where they once intervened so successfully against Napoleon. Not the least of Hitler's preoccupations at present is to seal every possible opening for a British offensive on the Continent next year, in Spain, Portugal, Greece or Turkey, the only loopholes still left.

Hitler's difficulties in working with the Italians are less apparent but probably even greater, and they will not decrease. The Mediterranean has been marked off as the Duce's territory, and the Germans have to be careful about seeming to "muscle-in." They will have to be tactful with the vainglorious Italian Command. They will have to be careful to conceal the contempt which I have often heard Reichswehr officers express in

Germany about Italian military prowess. They will be patient about the fleet which won't come out and fight, and which is going to be the greatest limiting factor in this Axis Mediterranean campaign. They will have, above all, to be careful not to give the Italians the impression that Italy and everything she wins will end up as nothing more than a German vassal. This is a lot to expect from Hitler and his generals. But if they fall in this tact and caution, if they put on superior airs, force their High Command too quickly on the Italians (as Hitler apparently wanted to do at the Brenner a month ago), and insist on stiffening the Italian forces with German units sandwiched between them, the Italians are going to be aggrieved and disgruntled and gradually lose interest in the war. When that happens the Germans will have to take over Italy as virtually another occupied country, because they can't afford to let her fall out. This may still be a long way off, but it is not the least likely development of the war.

Therefore our policy in the Battle of Greece ought to be to give the Greeks enough help to make the Italian show a fiasco if possible, while being careful not to be drawn into a trap by the Germans.

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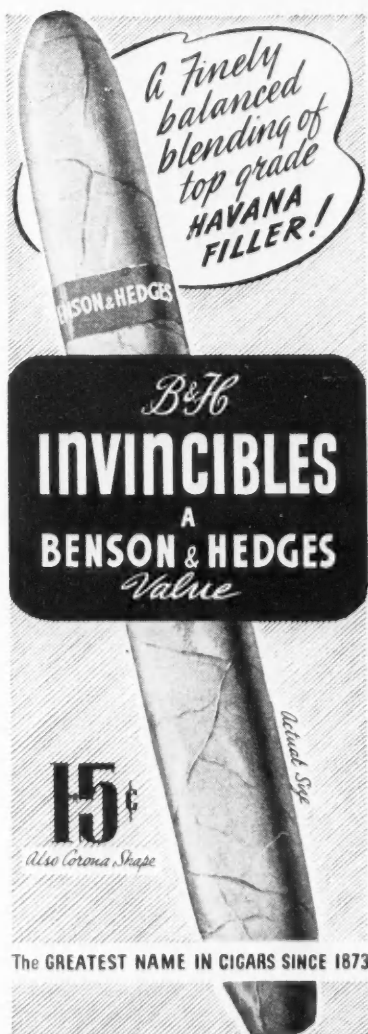
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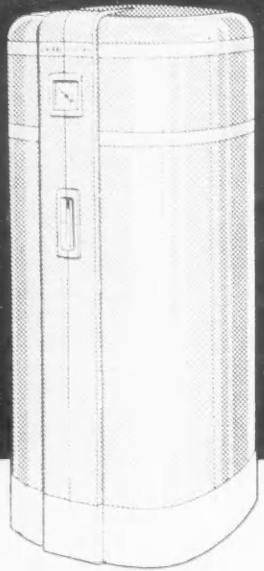


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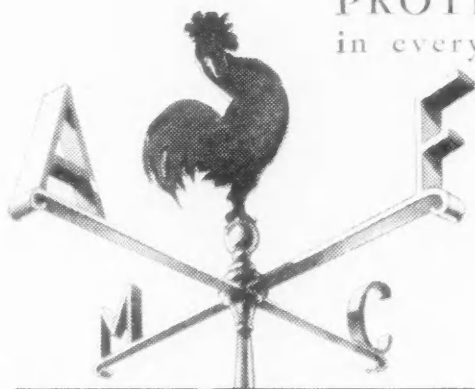


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Part-Time Canuck

BY P.O'D.

HE HAD the word "Canada" on his shoulder-strap, and he swung his thumb with the assurance of the practiced hitch-hiker. He was not so much asking for a lift as serving notice on me that he was going my way. Not that I had the slightest thought of refusing. Any uniform is a free ticket on English roads nowadays, and the "Canada" made it a particular pleasure to help.

He clambered in beside me, and sat down with a sigh of relief.

"Lawdy, but them roads is sho' ha'd on the feet!" he said.

"How far have you come?"

"Ah left Southampton at nine o'clock this mawnin'."

Now Southampton was about 115 miles away! I gazed at him in amazement.

"You don't mean you've been walkin' . . . ?"

"Walkin' quite a bit, but mostly ridin'. People is sho' kind-hea'ted in this country. They just can't beah to see you hoofin' it along. So every time Ah gave them the sign" he swung his thumb over his shoulder—"it was step right in, big boy, and whar' kin I take yuh? Same as you, suh," he added, smiling at me with a friendly confidence.

CERTAINLY it could only be a complete curmudgeon that would refuse this large genial young man any reasonable request. I could easily understand that he had been able to hitch-hike 115 miles in a matter of six hours. The only thing that puzzled me a little was the "Canada" on his shoulder-strap. He was obviously not a Canadian—not with an accent like that. He laughed when I commented on it.

"Lawdy, no! I ain't no Canadian. Memphis—Memphis, Tennessee—that's whar' Ah come from."

"Quite a long way from home, aren't you?"

"Ah wasn't at home when Ah sta'ted," he explained. "Ah was up in Wyoming in the Big Ho'n country, drivin' a truck in the oil-fields—one of the nitro-trucks for the fellows that shoot the wells. The pay was mighty good, only you didn't always live to collect it. If you was drivin' a little bit too fast, and you hit a bump a little bit too ha'd, you and the truck went straight up—with the Puh'ly Gates for the next stop."

HE WAS the sort of fellow that likes to tell you about himself, and he went steadily on in his soft drawl, which I fear I am very imperfectly recording if it could be done at all in print.

"But it wasn't bad fun drivin' the big red truck they always painted them red. Every time we went along the main street of one of the little towns, everyone would dive outa the way like they expected the whole place to be laid flat. It used to make me laugh. But I got kinda tired of it afteh a while. A friend of mine, another kid from Memphis, got hisself blown up."

"And then Ah ran into an abugment about the Wah with one of the fellows, guy named Kraussmann, an' he sez to me, 'If that's the way you feel about it, you oughta have guts enough to go ovah and give them a hand they'll need it all right, all right'. So Ah sez, 'Don't mind if Ah do'. An' well, here Ah am!"

I asked him where he was going, and he told me to Folkestone—another 30 miles or so! I expressed my regret that I would not be able to take him so far, but he did not mind in the least.

"Oh, that's all right, suh," he assured me. "There's sho' to be some-one else acomin' along. Ah don't figuh on havin' to do much walkin'."

"But why walk at all? Why not take a train?" I asked, remembering that soldiers on leave are always given an allowance for transportation.

"Ah pretnuh walkin'. It's the best way of secin' the country and meetin' people. Ah've met a lot of folks, nice folks, since Ah left Southampton this mawnin'. And Ah've sho' stopped at a lot of pubs! That English beer is grand stuff."

After that I remembered my hospitable duty, and we stopped whenever the stopping seemed good—which was fairly often. That young man's technique with beer was an amazing and beautiful thing. He just tilted the pint mugs, and their brown contents slid smoothly over the edge, much as the Niagara River goes over the Falls, with hardly a ripple to disturb the even flow and with no apparent effect.

I asked him if he knew anyone at Folkestone, but he said no—just thought he'd like to visit the place. Might as well go there as anywhere else. Besides, he hoped to have a chance to see one of those air-battles over the Channel that he had been reading about.

When I got to my destination and the time came to part company with him, I remembered that a friend of mine in the district ran a fleet of lorries. There might be one due to go to Folkestone or at least in that direction. I made the suggestion to the lad from Memphis and he was all for it.

"Oh, boy, that's just whar' Ah live!" he assured me. "Just give me a nice big truck, and Ah don't want anything bettuh. Wonduh if the guy will let me drive a bit. Ah'd sho' like to try one of them big English trucks. That's what Ah wanted to do in the Ahmy, but Ah had no luck."

He was in luck this time. There was a lorry leaving for a place not far short of Folkestone, and he was made heartily welcome to the lift. In fact, I saw the owner slip something to the driver.

"Just in case your friend becomes a bit thirsty," he said apologetically. But there was no need of apology. I knew he would be thirsty all right.

The last I saw of him he was leaning out of the high cab, smiling and waving his thanks and farewell to us both. A great lad, we decided, the friendly sort of fellow that was sure to find the world full of friends wherever he went. There was a warmth, a vitality about him that made you remember him—and remember him with a smile.

UNFORTUNATELY, these are times when almost every pleasant experience has a sting about it, something to spoil it. A few days later I met the owner of the lorries.

"Remember that Canadian or American fellow you brought along the other day the one that wanted to go to Folkestone?" he asked. He looked rather grim, and I wondered if the lad from Memphis had run the lorry into a ditch, or had led his driver into evil courses. A man with such talents for beer might be dangerous company.

"They didn't have an accident, I hope."

"No, no, nothing like that. They both got on fine, no trouble of any kind. But one of my other drivers was over at Folkestone yesterday, and he heard a story that they arrested a chap there as a German spy. They said he had been going around the country in a Canadian uniform and claiming to be an American. I hate to think it's the same young fellow, but there's the story. I don't like the look of it."

Neither did I, though I maintained as stoutly as I could that I did not believe it was our man. He had shown no particular interest in the signs of military preparedness along the way, when he was with me. And he had asked no questions that anyone might not have asked.

"He wouldn't if he was a good spy," my friend remarked a little drily. "But I hope you're right. He certainly didn't seem to be that sort of vermin. Anyhow, if it's the same man, we'll probably have the Intelligence people making enquiries as to how he travelled and who gave him lifts and all that. They always follow these things up."

That was a couple of weeks or more ago, and I have heard nothing further about it. If there was anything at all in the story generally there isn't in such yarns it must have been some other fellow. But for a few days I was far from happy in my mind about it. Looking back, as I did over



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and over again, that Southern accent of his seemed almost too good to be real, rather like the sort you hear in Civil War films. Besides, the role of an American in a Canadian regiment is a fairly safe one for a spy to adopt.

But even in war-time there is something hateful about such suspicions. I have discarded mine and gone back to my first acceptance of his complete good faith perhaps for no better reason than that I cannot believe so friendly and pleasant a young fellow could be anything else but what he claimed. Perhaps also I hate to think I could be so completely fooled.

None the less, I hope that the next time I have the chance of giving a Canadian soldier a lift, it will be a whole-time Canadian not just for the duration. Otherwise I fear I shall be a little uncomfortable about it—no matter how much I am ashamed of my suspicions.

The Impasse in India

BY J. A. STEVENSON

AN IMPASSE still exists in connection with the problem of the future of India, but there have been several interesting and important developments during the past month. The outbreak of the war found the Indian Nationalists engaged in a bitter struggle to extract a further instalment of constitutional reforms from the British Government, and they immediately found fuel to stoke the fires of their agitation in the fact that, while all the overseas Dominions were free to choose their line of action about the war, India was committed to it by a constitutional procedure which, while legally correct, provided for no consultation of the Indian people through their elected representatives.

At the same time native opinion in India was extremely hostile to Nazi Germany, and even adherents of the Congress party, which represents the extreme nationalist element, were prepared to admit that the triumph of the dictatorial powers would be a great calamity for India. Mr. Gandhi took the line that, while he could not in his pacifist heart hold enmity against Germany or any other power, he did not want to see Britain beaten or even humbled.

Churchill's Realism

Naturally the Congress party saw in Britain's difficulties a heaven-sent opportunity for applying pressure upon the British Government. Its spokesman took the line that nothing short of the concession of full independence would now satisfy them. The Chamberlain Ministry was too reactionary and unimaginative to make any serious effort to deal with the situation and adopted an attitude of passive negation, but when it fell from power this fatal policy was abandoned by its successor. It is true that Mr. Churchill, the new Premier, had ranked as a "diehard" on the subject of Indian constitutional reform, but he is always a realist, and he had the wisdom to select as Secretary of State for India Col. L. C. S. Amery, who although a zealous champion of Imperialist doctrines had always held reasonably enlightened views about India. Moreover the influence of the Laborites and Liberals in the Churchill Ministry was also available on the side of further constitutional concessions, and so last July a formal offer was made simultaneously by the Viceroy, Lord Linlithgow, in India and by Col. Amery in the British Parliament to the Indian Nationalists, that their leaders should be admitted to a share in the direction of the national war effort through membership on the Viceroy's Executive Council and the newly created Advisory War Council, and that as soon as the war ended a new constitution for India would be worked out by a constituent assembly of representatives of the people.

But these proposals, although they represented a notable advance towards the goal of Indian desires, evoked a somewhat disappointing response in India. The executive committee of the Congress party proceeded to pass a resolution to the effect that without the immediate concession of full independence, and the convocation of a constituent assembly armed with full powers to draft a new constitution, they could

not take any responsibility for a war into which India had been brought without her own consent, and that they must retain full freedom to criticize the Indian Government's war effort. Their position is that they oppose the war not because they believe it is being fought for any unworthy cause but because they did not themselves have the right to decide about fighting it.

The Moslem League, which represents the bulk but not all of the Moslem population, has signified its approval of the new proposals in principle, but it insists upon a guarantee that the representatives which it names to the two councils will be given important posts, and that when the new constitution is drafted it will include a plan of partition which will create two separate Moslem states, one in Eastern India and one in the northwest. The moderate Hindu element, known as the Mahasabha party, which opposes the Congress party, is willing to participate in the councils but demands that its weight of representation on them be at least equal to that of the Moslems.

It is probably all to the good that Mr. Gandhi has resumed the active leadership of the Congress party, from which he had been standing aloof for some time. He recently issued a pronouncement couched in comparatively moderate terms in which he declared that he would not object to some delay in conceding full independence to India but he would not tolerate the continuance of restrictions upon free speech, writing or opinion. Apparently the Viceroy refused to remove the objectionable restriction, and Gandhi has now threatened to begin another of his famous fasts of protest in spite of warnings from his doctors that it might cost his life.

Deadlock Persists

Account must also be taken of the attitude of the native princes, who still, under the suzerainty of Britain and in many cases with the help of British advisers, rule over a substantial proportion of the population of India. They are one and all extremely suspicious of the designs of the Congress, because they fear that if, under a plan of Dominion status, it gained control of the government of India, it would proceed under the influence of extremist politicians of Socialist views like Nehru to introduce measures of general democratization which would strip them of all their power and dignities. They are opposed to any constitutional advance which aims to sever the British connection or impinge upon the sovereignty of the British Crown, to which alone they profess allegiance. So while the majority of them are now willing to accept for India full Dominion status under the Crown, their Chamber, which meets at regular intervals, has defined their attitude by the passage of a resolution which declares that their endorsement of Dominion status is dependent upon guarantees concerning the sovereignty of their states, the safeguarding of their treaty rights, and an assurance that their consent will be secured for any transference of power from the

Crown to any other authority in India. And this stand of the Princes is very helpful to the British Government, as it provides a strong argument against immediate capitulation to the full Nationalist demands.

Meanwhile despite these internal frictions the Indian Government has been able to organize a very substantial contribution to the common war effort of the British Commonwealth. A considerable portion of the British forces stationed in India, normally about 70,000 strong, has been made available for service in Egypt and elsewhere, and with them have gone contingents of the native Indian army which normally has a strength of about 150,000, to which can be added some 15,000 Indian territorials and 45,000 men belonging to the forces maintained by the native princes. There is also an Indian air force which supplements the R.A.F. squadrons stationed in India, and there are available a number of ships of the Royal Indian Navy for convoy and patrol work in Eastern seas. Moreover, under a scheme of army expansion, which has been authorized, 100,000 more men are being raised for the regular Indian army, native Indian officers will be posted to all its units and will not be restricted as heretofore to units which have been already Indianized, and new Territorial units are being organized. The Air Force is also being enlarged and ten new training centres, which are expected to turn out 300 pilots and 2000 mechanics per annum, have been established.

A vigorous and well planned effort is also being made to employ the economic and industrial resources of India for the common cause. The Indian Ordnance factories, which had been able to supply 90 per cent of the Indian army's peacetime needs of rifles, machine guns, smaller types of artillery and the ammunition required for them, have been working overtime and are producing a steadily increasing output of munitions, while a War Supply Board which has been constituted is striving to augment it from other sources. The industrial development of India has been comparatively backward, but since the last war the iron and steel industry has enjoyed a steady expansion, with the result that it is now capable of producing two million tons of pig iron and nearly a million tons of finished steel products per annum. Then the entire output of the Indian woollen industry has been taken over for military requirements, and army boots, many of which are being shipped to Britain, are being turned out at the rate of 125,000 pairs per month. Over a million jute sandbags have also been sent to Britain to help in providing protection against aerial attacks, and large quantities of cotton wool hemp, manganese, chrome, mica, oilseeds, timber and other valuable raw materials have been exported.

Storehouse of the East

Again, the Indian chemical industry is producing a wide range of chemical products of value for war like sulphuric acid, chlorine and caustic soda. Furthermore India is the source of a considerable proportion of the foodstuffs and other stores needed by the forces defending Egypt, East Africa and Malaya, and this month there is meeting in Delhi a conference of representatives of the governments of India, New Zealand, Australia, South Africa and the East African colonies to consider questions of co-operation about military supplies for the troops operating east of Suez.

The native Indian princes have almost without exception been demonstrating their loyalty to the British Crown by offers of their troops for service in any country and by generous contributions, in some cases on a munificent scale, of money and materials. Accordingly there is not the slightest reason to be dissatisfied with the contribution which India is making to the battle against Hitlerism, and undoubtedly the Indian people will get a fitting recompense in the shape of a concession of most of their demands about self government when peace comes.

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MRS. GLUM: Doesn't look so good to me. Wouldn't be surprised to see it rain.



2. MRS. GLAD: It's great to be alive on days like this! I feel simply grand.

MRS. GLUM: Not me, Mrs. Glad! I've got so many troubles! First it's this and then it's that. And now I have to take those old purgatives all the time. It's terrible!



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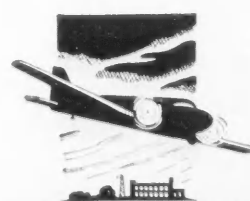


4. LITTLE AGATHA GLUM: (Some time later) Mummy sent you these flowers, Mrs. Glad. She said you did her the nicest favour. And she feels like a million dollars. Oh, yes, and she said to tell you she's "joined the Regulars!"

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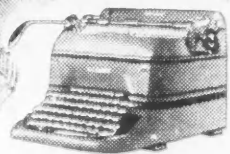


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THE BOOKSHELF

All This Has Become History

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

PERIODICAL HISTORY OF THE WAR, Part 5, June 15 to August, by Edgar McInnis, Oxford, 25c.

THE WAR: FIRST YEAR, by Edgar McInnis, Oxford, \$1.50.

I HAVE read so many explanations of the French collapse that, frankly, I did not look forward to going through another. I ought to have known better. Professor McInnis has put together the most readable and the most reasonable explanation which I have come across. Once again, I can find nothing but admiration for this little history which chases along so hard on the heels of events, and gives a rounded picture which can be obtained nowhere else that I know of.

In searching for the reasons for France's collapse, the writer does not rest his case as heavily as have others on defeatism—at least among the mass of the nation. He finds, however, that the fact that France went into the war not in immediate defence of her own soil but because of an attack on distant Poland, did have a dampening effect on the popular effort. Years of paralysis in foreign policy, caused in its turn by the impasse in social policy at home and the sharp cleavage of the nation right and left, prepared the political debacle, and lack of effective leadership at the critical moment completed it.

But there remains the military defeat to explain. "The great French Army, so high in prestige," was destroyed in a few weeks. That was the astounding thing. Why, I remember sitting in the Georges V in Paris barely a fortnight before the outbreak of war and being told by the leading military writer of this continent, who had just gone over the French Army from top to bottom, that it was not only the best army in the world, but probably the best

army there ever had been in the world. Particularly in its officers corps and High Command. Yet Professor McInnis lays much of the blame for the military collapse at the door of the High Command. As for the common soldier, the worst that could be said against him was that he lacked the quality of desperation in his fighting which might have given the High Command more time in which to repair its blunders. But it had already squandered six months since the Polish campaign without learning anything. It had treated the whole problem of Belgium and the half-open right flank with inexplicable levity, had made insufficient and faulty preparation, and glaringly mismanaged its reserves so as to leave the Germans with a 2½ to 1 superiority on the Somme-Aisne front.

Then follows the story of the political manoeuvres which surrendered the republic and the empire. (I had not heard before that Weygand flew to Syria to secure General Mittelhauser's capitulation). Italy's part in the war is treated with the irony it deserves. Hitler's peace offer of July 19th was little more than a threat of complete annihilation if we didn't stop fighting. The great air war of July and August gain, I think, somewhat less attention than they deserve. But then there is still the story of the war in the Mediterranean, the partition of Roumania, the Havana Conference and the destroyer-bases deal to be squeezed in. To conclude, there are a few pages on the silent war which Hitler still wages within the conquered countries, the process which Mr. Churchill described so well in his broadcast at the beginning of last week, which Hitler calls the establishment of the "New Order", but which looks like the Old Order of plunder, rapine and

slavery, the order of Attila, Genghis Khan and Tamerlane, with the refinements permitted by modern science.

The five parts of the periodical history, covering the first year of war, have now been issued in a bound edition. How such a substantial volume can be produced for only a trifle over the cost of the five booklets is a secret of the publishers. At any rate they are to be congratulated on keeping the price within the means of the thousands of teachers, students and reading public which this work ought to reach. The main question which came into my mind as I glanced again through this story was: how much different would a history of the first year be, written all in a piece today, from this periodical history describing events on the average two months after they happen? There would be a difference, certainly. A few more facts would be available, but fewer than one might think, as Raymond Gram Swing says in his introduction, so copious is our information on this continent. There



EDGAR MCINNIS, author of "Periodical History of the War" and "The War: First Year", both of which are reviewed in this current issue by Willson Woodside.

would be the advantage of greater perspective. But there would also be a good deal of hindsight, and it is just the lack of this which gives this current history its peculiarly authentic feeling.

This One is Not for Adults

BY PENELOPE WISE

HILLBILLY DOCTOR, by Elizabeth Seifert, McLelland and Stewart, \$2.75.

ANY popular women's magazine probably has a story running at the moment cut to exactly the same pattern as "Hillbilly Doctor": the nice young doctor, the nice young nurse, the backward community, and so on. This time the scene is the Ozark Mountains. The picture of the people who live and work there is sympathetically done; their stubborn opposition to the doctor's attempts to better their condition is maddening, but it is shown to be the natural result of their economic condition. But the book is too slightly felt and too easily written to be a convincing social study. The characters are all regular run-of-the-mill stuff; the style never rises to distinction, and often sinks to this sort of thing: "Bill stopped a minute to chew the fat with the ambulance crew, sitting out on the steps of the Receiving Ambulance was good duty. Even the o.b. ambulance trick was good. Exciting, plenty of work, and often enough a

chance to do a real job on your own. All Public Health work had that satisfaction. There was always a challenge, and often enough you won your fight. Or part of it. Golly, the things there were to be done in Public Health! Even today, when typhoid and smallpox and yellow fever were things conquered and past. There were still sleeping sickness and infantile and pellagra. Golly, he should say so! And more than enough of it to keep the doctors and nurses busy. Or was there?"

Elizabeth Seifert should stop writing best sellers for a while, and let her facility as a story-teller find expression in something riper than "Hillbilly Doctor."

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THE BOOKSHELF

Annals of The Bensons

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

FINAL EDITION, by E. F. Benson. Ryerson. \$3.75.

SO FAR as one knows, no single family has played so active a part in modern English letters as the progeny of Edward White Benson, who became Archbishop of Canterbury in 1883 and died in 1896 at the age of 67. They included Arthur Christopher Benson (1862-1923); Edward Frederick Benson (1867); Robert Hugh Benson (1871-1914), all prolific writers in various fields; and a sister, Margaret Benson, less well known, but a distinguished Egyptologist, and author of books of a theological character. The Primate's brother-in-law, uncle of this group was Prof. Henry Sidgwick, author of several philosophical works. I believe also that Lord Charnwood, author of the "Life of Lincoln" and his brother the Shakespearean actor Sir Frank Benson were cousins.

E. F. Benson, sole survivor of the Primate's immediate family, has published earlier memoirs, but one gathers that this is his last venture in that field; though there are intimations that he has collected material for a character study of the Ex-Kaiser, the "wood-cutter of Doorn." His case is the exceptional one of a writer who found his real vocation late in life. In 1893, when but 26, he scored a remarkable success with a satire on London society, "Dodo"; and for over 30 years continued to pour out novels which commanded a ready sale. He tells us that his case differs from that of Thackeray, who years after the publication of "Vanity Fair," re-read the novel and said he had not realized how good it was. About 15 years ago E. F. Benson, feeling that he had lost literary caste, re-read some of his own novels, and admits that he had never realized how bad they were. He resolved to try and do something really important before he died, and turned to biography and memoirs. All contemporary readers must feel indebted to him for that decision.

"Final Edition" is the most intimate and the most beautifully written of his books. Good prose, he holds, should possess elements of intrinsic beauty apart from the meaning it conveys; and he has succeeded in living up to that precept.

In his biographical writing he has endeavored to avoid this fallacy, and he is not less strict in dealing with his own relatives. The memory of his mother; serene, sane, humorous and amazingly well-poised, he worships; and he thinks it due to her that the world should know of her courage in the face of tragedy. We learn that the taint of insanity overshadowed her children. Though the environment of a Primate's household was far different from the sordid conditions in which Charles Lamb spent his adolescence, the situation was radically the same. The daughter Margaret developed homicidal mania as a young woman. She was fortunately restrained but was insane during the latter years of her life. It is amazing to learn that A. C. Benson, whose reflective quietist essays gave comfort to countless readers was also afflicted. Though one of the ablest and energetic of Cambridge Dons, who rendered superb service as Master of Magdalene, he was obliged to go into retirement, once for two years and again for three years, in a condition of neurasthenia that made him a "borderland" case.

Father Hugh Benson, the third son, was ordained for Anglican priesthood, but became an ardent convert to Roman Catholicism, a renowned preacher and a polemic novelist for the propagation of his adopted faith. It is not suggested that this was due to mental instability; he was apparently a normal man of very enthusiastic temperament, but after his death it was learned that he had long suffered from a delusion he concealed that he would be buried alive. For-

tunately none of the family married.

It is evidence of E. F. Benson's literary gifts that he has disclosed these facts without making his pages in any sense morbid. His candor is clean cut, and his book is genial, wholesome and delightful. Many of his pages deal with the ancient Cinque Port, Rye (where P.O.D. lives). After the death of his friend, Henry James, he acquired Lamb House, the ancient abode where the novelist lived for many years. In 1935-6-7 he was Mayor, and his account of the historic duties involved, especially at the Coronation, is engaging. He is a bit of a naturalist and writes fascinatingly of bird life. But above all, he has been a lifelong student of human nature, in touch with most of the notables of England. His pages abound with pen pictures of inter-

esting people, from George Eliot, friend of his Uncle Sidgwick, to Dr. Munthe, the author of "San Michele." His mother was the friend of Queen Victoria and he has amusing stories of that monarch. He tells of a letter from the Queen which he found among his mother's papers in which she spoke of Princess May of Teck (the future Queen Mary) as one who would "set an example of quiet steady life, which alas, is not the fashion in these days." There is a brief allusion to the present Duke of Windsor. When King George V died in January, 1936, Benson made an entry in his diary about the new King in which he said, "He must before the year is out choose between the Throne and this Lady." Subsequent events came as no surprise to those in touch with the Royal family.

Fancy Free and Free for Fancy

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

SULLIVAN, by Clyde Brion Davis. Oxford University Press. \$3.00.

ALL the time that serious writers have been turning out stern fiction describing our ruinous social structure, or seven-hundred-page historical novels involving at least four years of regional research, an author named Clyde Brion Davis has been carelessly batting off novels about America, right out of his head. The latest one is called "Sullivan." And from "Sullivan," one gathers that Mr. Davis' literary method is just to sit down and let 'er rip. It is the method employed by inventive or desperate adults in telling bed-time stories to children. Mr. Davis is inventive rather than desperate and his stories aren't for children. But they make wonderful bed-time stories for adults.

Gilbert Sullivan is a newspaper artist who, when the story opens has just given up his job and taken to the road. A variety of things set Gilbert Sullivan off—the tendency of people to ask him if his second name were "And," and the tendency of his beautiful wife, Mildred, to take up with the slick stranger across the apartment corridor. So Sullivan starts for Reno and is soon adopted on the road by a picturesque character called McKinley Williams. Mr. Williams was named after a Grover Cleveland (a point the author makes perfectly clear) and his specialty had been working the culture groups as a Russian sculptor and selling Bibles to dead people. These activities had finally forced him to quit society and when Sullivan meets him he is congenially engaged on a plan to raise money for a monument to the great

martyr of history, Judas Iscariot. So Sullivan and McKinley Williams travel southwards and on the way meet up with a variety of people, including an incipient Nazi leader called Thornton Bastard and an unordained minister who is planning to raise a small cavalry corps to steal a Mexican gold mine. Nothing much comes of these encounters, but in a Mexican cafe Sullivan has a remarkable experience. He finds that by spreading his body cells he can float right up off the chair. He is getting along fine till someone interrupts, the cells snap back into place, and he is dropped on his back on the floor.

From this point on the combined skill of Sullivan, McKinley Williams and the author is employed to turn Sullivan into a human blimp. It's just the sort of phenomenon to fire McKinley Williams' excitable fancy. But after a while he gets bored with it. And Sullivan, after a rather unnerving evening of floating above the trees in a park, decides to drop the whole experiment. About this time Mr. Davis' inventiveness begins to fail a little. Maybe, in his flighty way, he just got tired of Sullivan and McKinley Williams. Or maybe he figured that the oddest thing he could do with his whimsical pair was to drop them back into a life of cosy domesticity. Anyway the adventure gradually comes to an end and I still don't know whether it's awfully good or pretty terrible. I'm perfectly certain though that as bed-time reading it's far more satisfactory in every way than say Miss Dorothy Thompson's column or some ominous tale about the International Brigade before Madrid.

The Navy is Here!

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

THE NAVY AT WAR, by Bernard Stubbs. Ryerson. \$2.50.

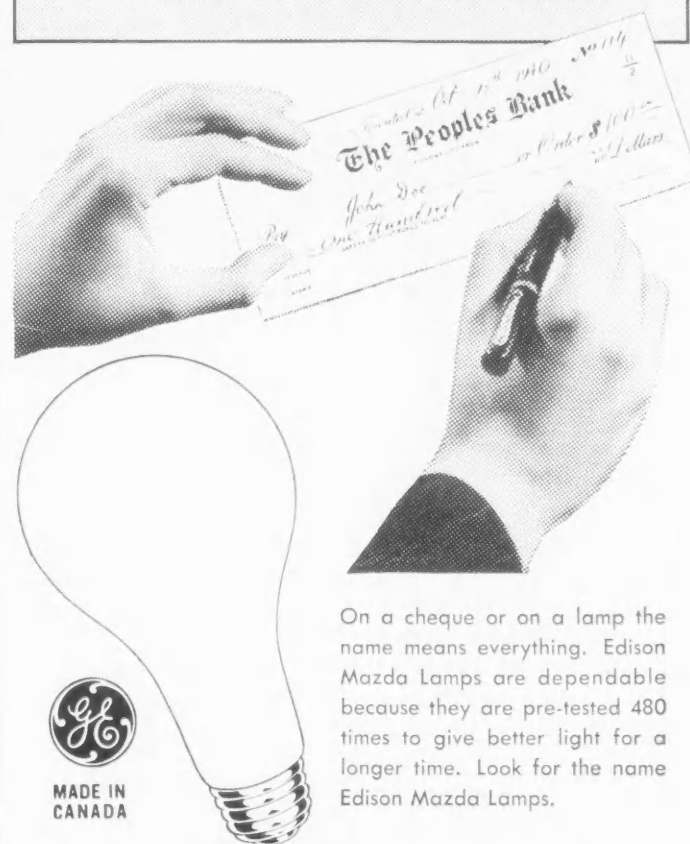
THE BATTLE OF THE PLATE, by Commander A. B. Campbell. Longman's. \$2.50.

THIS is the best and most interesting book I have seen on the Navy at work. Stubbs, as B.B.C. naval reporter, has made it his job to go out with all kinds of ships on all kinds of errands since the war began, and has collected personal stories about all the big naval doings from the Graf Spee affair down. There is some fascinating stuff on British preparations in the pre-war years to meet the U-boat menace, a tense, watchful trip with a convoy in the North Sea, a roaring sub-hunt with a Motor-Torpedo Boat flotilla, an experience with the Dover Patrol at its arduous work, a voyage on an aircraft-carrier, a sweep for magnetic mines, and much, much more. The book is topped off with nearly fifty fine photos.

I wasn't sure when I picked up "The Battle of the Plate," whether

the story would seem so stirring after the surfeit of military action which we have suffered in recent months, as it did last December when we were avid for news of action of any kind. The doubt didn't last long. In spite of all that has happened since, this fight between our light units, which seemingly didn't have a chance, against the heavily-gunned, armored and advertised—German, still makes thrilling reading. Commander Campbell has with immense work gathered together the stories of the Spee's victims, of Langsdorff, Harwood and others from the ships which fought off the Plate, of the Altmark prisoners and their rescuers, and fitted them all together into a smooth running account, as if he had been all through it himself. One interesting detail: the Graf Spee fired two torpedoes at her first victim, and missed (both ships being stationary), and eventually used 25 rounds of 6-in. and 5 rounds of 11-in. to send it to the bottom!

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Our Not-So-Dumb Friends

BY PENELOPE WISE

MY LIFE IN A MAN-MADE JUNGLE, Belle J. Benchley. McLelland & Stewart. \$4.00.

THE title aroused in me for a moment the foreboding that this book would prove to be the autobiography of an ardent feminist. The fear was baseless; it is the story of a zoo. Confronted with the necessity of supporting herself and her young son, Mrs. Benchley took the post of bookkeeper in the Zoological Garden of San Diego. An exceptionally intelligent interest in her new surroundings, and the possession of what she calls "animal instinct" for want of a better term, resulted finally in her appointment as director of the zoo. An unusual woman in an unusual job. Mrs. Benchley has written a book about her work which will charm not only animal lovers, but anybody with an interest in character, animal or human. She writes with that contagious enthusiasm which is the surest means of holding a reader's interest. You won't find a dull page in it.

If, like this reviewer, your idea of a zoo has been as a last resource when you have a fractious child on your hands for the afternoon, it's time you read this book and rounded out your education. The aim of the founders of the San Diego Zoo was to establish "a scientific, non-profitable institution for teaching children to love wild life. As a means of doing this, a zoo was to be built which would include a hospital for the study of animal diseases and bettering the condition of wild and domestic animals."

After years of work on a foundation of "little except faith, hope and junk", results were achieved which must have far exceeded the founders' wildest hopes. The zoo has become an important and vital part in the life of the city. It has justified itself not only for its scientific value, but as a factor in the education and character building of young people. It has reached out to include among its beneficiaries the unlikely people,

the blind, for example, who visit it frequently both individually and in a body, and find a new interest and joy added to their lives.

The most delightful parts of the book consist of character sketches of various animals. They are all worth quoting, but meet Marie the baby walrus as an example. Full of intelligence and affection, a star on the zoo radio programs, she cajoled her keeper into becoming her abject slave. When she had finished her meal (and the detailed description of it is as good as anything every thought up by a baby specialist) "she would wipe her moustache on her keeper's smock, close her eyes, drop her head against him, and go to sleep. Despite a stiff leg, badly crippled years before from a tiger's attack, he would sit and permit her heavy head to lie against him until his leg was nearly paralyzed. Not until he could slip away from his sleeping baby without disturbing her would he move. Once when Marie was at the lowest ebb of her babyhood sickness, he was discovered far in the night sitting on a pile of salt sacks fast asleep. Marie was stretched close to him, his arm was over her neck, and her whiskers were pressed against the leg of his trousers. She, too, was fast asleep."

There was an enthralling chapter on Mbongo and Ngagi, the two famous gorillas purchased from Martin and Osa Johnson. After telling of the affection which she came to feel for these great creatures, and which they felt for her, she concludes thus: "When he (Ngagi) treats me thus, I am happy indeed, for I know he has taken me into the rare, small circle of his equals and looks upon me with very little condescension, as a somewhat pale and colorless gorilla perhaps, but still a gorilla, I hope."

But the book is full of equally delightful portraits and observations. Mickey the tapir, Bum the condor, Bongo the cheetah, Puddles the hippopotamus are all "people" you should meet.

WORLD OF WOMEN

Charge It, Please

BY BERNICE COFFEY

HATTIE CARNEGIE, as you may or may not know, not only designs the most beautiful clothes made south of the border. She also does costume jewellery that is staggeringly lovely. Among the lapel pieces are straight golden wires that seem almost too delicate to hold in their pronged heads big stones that look like the real thing in diamonds and colored gems. The jewelled wires are tied together in a bunch and the "gems" quiver and nod on their wire stems like tiny flowers. Then there are fantastically gaudy flowers on equally gaudy leaves. These are painted on what looks like tin but probably isn't, and are wonderful. Or the attention turns to a fat pussy cat composed of one very large "pearl" for the body and a smaller pearl for the head—the two held together by a strand of gold wire that curls down into a tail. Every one of the ornaments makes a conversation piece. They are to be found in

the "Little Salon" of the Henry Morgan store in Montreal at prices ranging from \$3.75 to around \$25.00.

Canadiana

Anyone who has the habit of deprecating the lack of Canadiana should take time out to see a new scenic wallpaper called the Grafton. The name may or may not ring a bell in the memories of those who have seen pictures of or visited the old Barnum House at Grafton, Ont. The house was restored recently you may remember and pictures of it appeared in this publication. It is one of the gems of architecture hereabouts, and now it has been used by a Canadian manufacturer as the motif for the new wallpaper. Besides the house itself the pattern includes other "points of interest" around Grafton—a windmill, an old stone bridge and a small cottage. Many of the latter are non-existent now



GOLD METALLIC cocktail or street-length cocktail dinner dress. High rounded revers are stitched in multiple rows which extend slightly beyond the waistline. This is one of the new crinkled metallics that are virtually wrinkle-proof. From Milgrim of New York.

but were taken from old records.

Quite apart from its historical significance, the paper has undeniable charm to impart to the walls it graces. It is difficult to imagine finding a better pattern to combine with pine panelling. You'll find a picture of it somewhere on these pages. Staunton makes it.

The Royal Dolls

Paris fashions may be conspicuous by their absence in today's shops but nearly everyone will have an opportunity to feast their eyes on French clothes artistry when Marianne and France, the Princesses' Dolls, arrive in town on their tour across Canada. The dolls and their wardrobes are loaned by the gracious permission of Her Majesty the Queen, and the Canadian National Committee on Refugees will receive all the proceeds. Their latest port of call is Simpson's in Toronto.

It is an exhibit no woman or little girl will want to miss. It will be recalled the dolls were presented to the Princesses after the Royal visit to France, and the dolls' trousseaux represent the combined work of leading members of the French couture.

Each outfit is complete down to the last detail. Exquisite lingerie is trimmed with lace and fine embroidery, and their little foundation garments are made of elastic as fine as lace. The English rose is used as a motif in much of the embroidery. There are shoes made by French bottlers for each of the dolls, and small gloves show evidences of equally fine workmanship. Perhaps the loveliest pair of all is embroidered over the tops of the hands with golden bees—a motif that used to appear only on the gloves of the kings of France to remind them to be kind to their people or perhaps, to serve as a constant reminder that honey draws more flies than vinegar.

Never were dolls better equipped to meet any social occasion that might arise. There are evening dresses and fur wraps—one of the latter is of white ermine lined with embroidered white chiffon—afternoon dresses, hostess gowns, clothes for yachting, garden party dresses and little straw hats mounted with multi-colored feathers and, of course, all sorts of street clothes.

Among these is a nutria coat with a peaked hat to match. The hat has large unset "jewels" of all colors scattered over the top and then emerging into a cluster to form the



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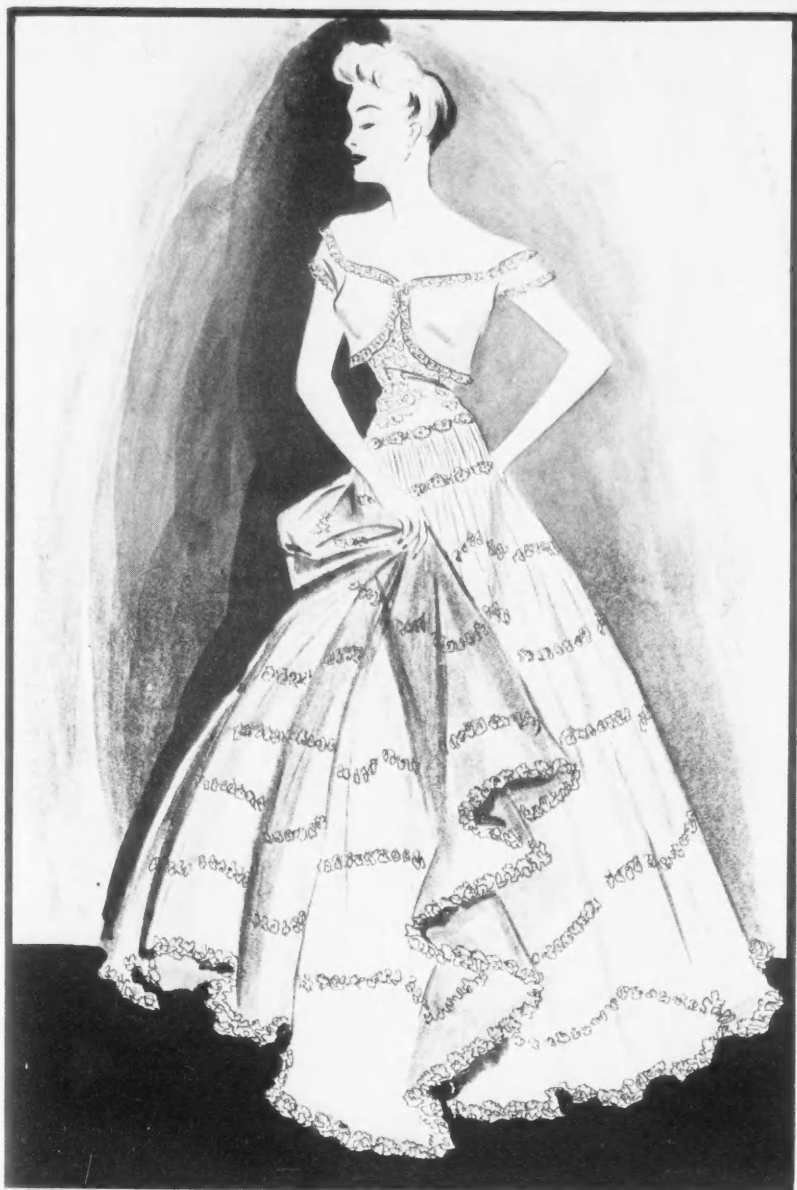
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A DELIGHTFUL FROCK, deliciously naive, of white mousseline de soie with bodice and a sash of exaggerated size in pale blue moire bordered with three pink roses.



ONE OF THE MOST FRIVOLOUS and feminine models of the year is a beautifully worked gown of white mousseline de soie with insertions of dainty cameo-pink lace topped with a provoking little bolero. Note the fine hand-tucked hipline.

Four O'Clock Ritual

The spacious days when making the tea was a ceremony with a definite ritual are recalled by the sale at Christie's of a number of very choice teapots and tea-kettles. Most of them are nineteenth century for that was the time when tea began to come into its own, and they are

beautifully engraved.

The silversmiths of those days put some of their finest work into teapots and tea-kettles, for they knew that the great moment of every woman's day was when she sat behind her tea-table, with curtains drawn and a log fire blazing, and gracefully poured out tea. She wore a special tea-gown for the occasion, and had a special small table placed at just the right height for her to

manipulate the tea equipment—and incidentally for her to be seen at the best advantage.

In these circumstances, naturally, she had to have the loveliest teapot the craftsmen could produce. Hence these beautiful silver pieces, chased and engraved in elaborate patterns, which have today become works of art as well as teapots.

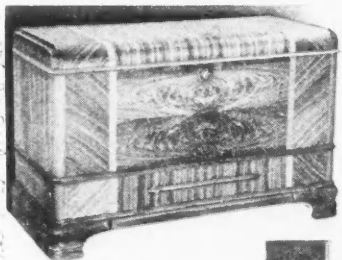
The teapots in this collection belong to Mr. Anthony de Rothschild. The piece de resistance is a teapot of solid gold, weighing twenty ounces. This rare piece was made by a Scottish craftsman in the eighteenth century as the trophy for the winner of the King's Plate for Mares, won in April, 1736, at Newmarket, by "Legacy". Its rarity makes it very valuable—it is one of the only six pieces of gold plate in private collections in Britain.

Posy Bowls

Now and then the Seven Seas Shop (Eaton's) unwraps a collection of flower bowls and vases which the management regards with such over-weening pride, they can't wait for people to buy and put flowers in them. So they bring all their pets out and have a field day creating the loveliest floral arrangements imaginable in them. These are grouped about the shop and flower arrangement fans drop in from far and near to see them.

They have all sorts of lovely containers which it is becoming well-nigh impossible to duplicate. For instance, A chubby round little earthenware jug with raffia handles. It comes from Denmark and vines look especially well in it (\$12.50). A pewter jug by Just Anderson with a double spout that looks like a twin of the oil lamp from which the genie is reputed to have appeared (\$8.50). Taller vases from Sweden of argenta ware—lovely mottled green stuff with a pattern of inlaid silver (from \$12.50 to \$25.00).

And if you have been yearning over pictures of those shell flower containers being displayed of late in the glossier magazines on interior decoration, yearn no more, my lady, for here they are in person. There's the chambered nautilus, for instance, set on a base of tiny sea shells which would look too elegant for words if used as a table centrepiece (\$29.75). Shallow mother-of-pearl plates, nice for a flat arrangement of flowers, come at \$6.95. And there are as well, pinkly opalescent shells which look wonderful when the openings are



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massed with small pink mums as they were the day we saw them (\$6.50).

For those who like them—we are not numbered among them—there are porcelain hands to hold a single flower in their extended palms. The slender, tapering hands of a woman are \$2.75, chubby baby fists \$1.85. Flowers are kept fresh by water in a concealed depression.

Knitter's Gadget

Those whose prowess with the knitting needles has taken them past the scarf stage into the mysteries of purling, casting off and the rest of the vast intricacies of Making A Sock, know the value of a stitchholder. A stitchholder, we might add for the benefit of the uninitiated, is a thing that maintains the status quo in one part of a sock, pullover or what have you, while knitting goes on in another direction.

Knitters who like to have everything in character even their way knitting will be interested to hear that Mappin & Webb, the Montreal jewellers and silversmiths, have a stitchholder made of shiny brass bullet casings. The halves of the casing are connected by a piece of elastic and are efficient no end at their appointed task. The price is so trifling we can't think why we even bother to mention it—25 cents.

TO GRACIE FIELDS

LANCASHIRE Lass!
To thee, we wish a fond farewell.
Bidden, you came
And with your friendly smile,
Your art unique,
You saw and conquered
All our hearts.

So little can we do to thank you
In words or writing. No!
For what we feel
Is deep embedded
In our hearts
And in our souls.

You must take it as it comes,
Into your spirit and your inmost self,
And smiling, thank the Great Divine
For joyous, loyal work
So well performed.

A. E. K.

CARETAKER

Look again
By the light
Of the evening hour
For the bat
In the belfry
Of the ivory tower.

LIONEL RED.

DRESSING TABLE

Foot Loose and Foot Free

BY ISABEL MORGAN

IT ISN'T many years since the woman whose shoe size was larger than 5½, looked around carefully and then whispered her awful secret to the shoe clerk. Now she doesn't even bother to lower her voice as she nonchalantly demands a 7½ shoe size. Comfort is the equal of style when shoes are bought today. A good thing, too, for the demands on the feet of the modern woman are many.

This fine appreciation of solid comfort in shoes extends to the care of the feet. A logical development, since the new shoes permit the feet to keep their natural beauty instead of distorting them into ugly shapes. Elsewhere on this page are pictures which show some methods of foot care.

Peggy Sage collaborates with fashion and has designed a pedikit to help glamorize the feet. A compact little slide-fastened set that travels well, it's chock full of things to make the pedicure a real delight. Lots of them you won't find in your manure kit at all: a callus remover to help feet to satin-smoothness, a pumice stone, tube of mentholated foot cream that soothes and relaxes as well as softens. There are pads of cotton felt, too, to help in a campaign on calluses.

Here's the way to treat them: Moisten one of the pads in callus remover and place over the callus,

using one of the adhesive strips attached to fasten it down. If the callus is especially hard and rough, use pumice stone—very gently—at first. Let the pads remain for three to six minutes. Then remove, rinse feet, and work away loosened surfaces with



GRAFTON—a Canadian wallpaper design inspired by the recent restoration of the old Barnum House at Grafton, Ont. The house, which forms part of the motif, is seen in center. See article on page 20.

a rough towel. Repeat for several days if necessary.

For toe-tip style, you'll find bright shades of polish give the best effect. In applying polish to the toes, slip cotton pads between to avoid smearing, and cover the entire nail.

Little Fashions

Straight from the tropics comes a new way of wearing flowers with evening dresses. It is the floral lei in which the flowers are worn necklace fashion and thrown over the head onto the shoulders. Out on the West Coast we hear that many women choose to wear their flowers in the Hawaiian manner than in the more usual corsage. . . . Jewellery that looks priceless, but isn't is to take the place of costume jewellery that is frankly junk. Your jewels may be imitation, but no one but yourself should be permitted to know it. The gems and the metals may not be genuine, but the craftsman who combines them must be. Each superb setting, each tiny stone, each tracery of enamel must be perfectly wrought. And this marvellous "jewellery" is being worn in such unexpected places as a turban, belt, muff or glove.

There is a high, wide and handsome selection of new colors for those who want to be lightheaded. Some of the spanking new tints for hats include "winter white" and a range of off-white shades leaning to the creamy beige family and known by such names as "Paraffin," "Vanilla," and "Honey Beige."

One to Carry

Devotees of the Antoine preparations will want to know about the new beauty kit in which the cosmetics can be carried about. It is a jewel case affair covered in rich Levant grain fabrikoid in luscious deep red, brown or black. It features a top handle and handsome saddle stitching to add to its authentic English appearance. The stout little lock and key is another delightful and practical detail.

Open, it's a revelation in compact convenience. It contains six Antoine preparations for the complete care of the skin. In addition to this array, the new Beauty Kit boasts a practical, full-size mirror that's a joy to use. . . . and a centre compartment for additional toilet articles, face, tissues, make-up or small accessories.

Decanter

An old friend comes dressed in a brand new costume. The basket-weave decanter with its handsome stopper, filled with milky-white comfort for chapped hands, is nothing less than Campana's Italian Balm in queenly array. The decanter is so pretty you'll leave it right out where everyone can see it instead of relegating it to the cabinet among utilitarian things. The exterior is new, but the Balm inside is the same fine skin comforter it has always been.

Speaking of Shoes—

Gracious, what *will* they think of next! A New York shop made the eyes of window-shoppers blink with amazement when it displayed shoes made of fur. There was a pair of broadtail shoes at \$109, and a pair made of Persian lamb—same price. Ermine and leopard were to be had for a song—a mere \$89.50. Canada isn't far behind New York, though. With our own eyes we have seen shoes by Bally. These are made of silvery hair seal, come high up over the ankle, and the price is moderate by New York standards—around twenty-five dollars.

To the Indian

With most of the lands elsewhere closed to those who used to think nothing of jumping on the Normandie and going abroad in search of ideas, it is not surprising to learn they are seeking and finding them right here at home. Take the matter of nail polish, for instance. This year no doubt to his astonishment—the Indian has supplied the color theme for many polishes. Among them is Arrow Red—a tawny, gold-tinged shade; Chieftain—a strong red to carry muted fabrics; and Indian Sage—a rosy, spicy color, good with the dull, dark, nappy clothes.

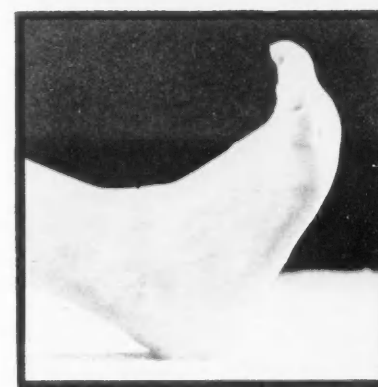
Around the rim of every precious pearl is a beautiful transparency. You can give your skin that same glamorous gleam with Helena Rubinstein's Town and Country Make-up Film! It protects skin from dryness. Covers little lines and minor blemishes. Keeps powder fresh and smooth. Guards against chapping. For a radiant, pearly foundation—Town and Country Make-up Film, 1.00, 1.65.

HELENA RUBINSTEIN'S FACE POWDER

For best results, with Town and Country Make-up Film! So finely milled, it will seem to melt into the skin. In popular Peachbloom, Mauve and Opalescent shades, 1.00, 1.65, 3.50.

At leading department stores

helena rubinstein
126 BLOOR ST. WEST
NEW YORK TORONTO LONDON



MARCHING FEET—Here are some means of persuading feet to be as beautiful to the eye as the hands. At top, rub feet and back of ankles with a rough mitt made of towelling or other coarse material. Not only does this stimulate the circulation but it also is helpful in keeping the skin soft and free of hard blemishes. This treatment can be followed by a thorough massage with a softening hand lotion. Once the feet are quite dry, carry out the exercise shown in the two lower photographs. Rest the foot on the heel and stretch toes forward and backward as far as possible. As flexibility increases the arches become stronger.

THE FILM PARADE

It's Colossal, But Is It History?

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

SOONER or later Cecil B. DeMille was bound to get round to the Mounties and the Louis Riel rebellion. The subject and its background were a natural for his vast busy talent. Red coats and Hudson Bay blankets, and the whole blue and white range of the Rockies for super technicolor. A stage as big as all outdoors to give him plenty of elbow room. A great big whooping Indian show. Ambush, slaughter and rescue, with one climax exploding into the next; and the whole thing going on and on and getting progressively more furious. That's the way Mr. DeMille likes them for he doesn't know what it means to get tired and has no sympathy whatever with weakling audiences who want to stagger out into the air at the end of the second hour.

The DeMille historical approach is to select a period that offers plenty of action and landscape and work out a good thumping story to take care of both. Then if the facts don't fit into the script they'll have to be trimmed or extended till they do. History had better play ball with Mr. DeMille. If it doesn't he'll just play ball with history.

So the fact that about 4,000 volunteers and regulars from all parts of Canada put down the North West rebellion doesn't trouble the producer of "North West Mounted Police." As far as he is concerned fifty Mounties assisted by Gary Cooper did the trick. And certainly it makes a better story. In Mr. DeMille's hands the theme becomes heroic, seething, desperate and genuinely by-God epic. That's the way he likes his pictures and the way he gets them, let the facts fall where they may.

You have to accept Cecil DeMille's stories that way, as existing in a world of their own, independent of reality or circumstance. History proposes, but Mr. DeMille disposes. And how he can dispose! Melodrama and

the human organism, and flipping through the human peep-show with growing astonishment and horror. Mr. DeMille's effects are always broad, but what they lack in subtlety they frequently make up in surprise.

You won't find any great subtleties of characterization either in "North

West Mounted Police", for Mr. DeMille likes his people to fall into the pattern. Preston's Foster is rigid, Madeleine Carroll radiant with virtue. George Bancroft is a typical screen Bad Man. Gary Cooper's comedy is his own improvisation on a type part. Paulette Goddard as a

fiery half-breed beauty manages to be pretty refractory without upsetting any traditions. With the exception of Lynn Overmann, whose knitting Scotchman is something special, they could all be popped into another DeMille epic without changing anything but their costumes. This isn't to say they aren't good, because they are. They play their stock parts with competence and spirit. But essentially they are little more than the pivots on which Producer DeMille swings his action back and forth across the screen.

Everything about "North West Mounted Police" is fabulously heightened—action, color, violence, love and moral values. The sheer vitality and organization that goes into a DeMille

film is something that shouldn't be missed. I'm always glad when one comes along. And I'm sort of glad too that they only come along once a year.

"DOWN ARGENTINA WAY" with Don Ameche and Betty Grable is also a technicolor film, and the technicolor helps to brighten up a story which needs it badly. It rambles on at considerable length about horse breeding and racing and lovers' misunderstandings. Charlotte Greenwood appears in it but the lines and situations offer very little scope for her comedy talent. For Miss Greenwood's sake I wish it had been better. I'm not worried about Betty Grable. There's a girl who can take care of herself.

Superb Moire Caracul,
in a magnificent coat created and
custom-made by Andre, of
the Salon André, at Simpson's.

ST. REGIS ROOM—THIRD FLOOR

WISDOM

HOW many thousand years is it
Since first the aeons went to
school,
To ponder on the starry writ
Of the unfathomable rule?
The stars expound philosophy
With burning fervor down the
skies....
Debarred to this one capacity
Till they are nothing more than eyes.
The ignorant sweet-smelling earth
Learns nothing new from year to
year
Of evolution or rebirth,
Nor frets beyond its quiet sphere.
The blither, cruder creatures spurn
The shadows that dismay our eyes;
Immortal man has yet to learn
The ignorance of being wise.

R. H. GRENVILLE.

comedy, crisis and rescue, and crisis coming on again, and rescue fading and then returning at the gallop, and the whole pattern repeating itself over and over, like a theme with variations, with the drums going thud, thud, thud, and the big brasses singing out for a shattering climax. That's when you get the Indians going into their war-dance, savage and rhythmic, with the excitement rising moment by moment, and then the blazing red coats of the mounties on their tall horses coming up suddenly over the crest of the hill. You can see why Mr. DeMille likes to invent his own patterns.

The DeMille comedy has a quality all its own, grotesque and violent. In "Union Pacific" it was the Indian raid on a freight-train, with the warriors swooping across the screen with lengthening bolts of calico tied to their horses' tails. In "North West Mounted Police" it is Lynn Overmann shooting the pants off Akim Tamiroff (literally), or Gary Cooper in the army hospital confronted by a cardboard representation (life-size) of



THE LONDON LETTER

Communal Sleeping and Communal Feeding

AFTER communal sleeping comes communal feeding. Having clambered wearily down from his wooden bunk in his favorite air-raid shelter, the Londoner will soon totter off to the nearest communal kitchen to eat a little food to gain a little strength to do a little work to put another little dent in the "blitzkrieg."

The Ministry of Home Security has taken charge of the air-raid shelters, and is planning to furnish and heat and generally equip them so that they can be used, not only as shelters, but also as dormitories. At the same

BY P.O'D.

Sept. 16 - Oct. 7, 1940

time the Minister of Food, Lord Woolton, is setting about the establishment of a national system of communal feeding and cooking centres. Pretty soon an Englishman will have about as much private life as a gold-fish, to borrow Irvin Cobb's familiar phrase.

Already there are some 40 of these communal eating places in London, the first having been started in the

Isle of Dogs about three weeks ago. This may sound a rather inauspicious place for such a start, but they probably needed it more there than elsewhere. Incidentally, I notice that the name of the newly appointed Director of Communal Feeding is Mr. Chrimes. But naturally that doesn't matter at all—unless the community cooks commit too many on the food. In that case it might lead to a lot of very bad jokes.

This idea of communal eating is not by any means a new one in this country. For a good many years it has been in operation in the national schools; and by all accounts millions of school children have benefited very greatly from it. They have been given much better food at a very low cost.

It is now planned to confer similar benefits on adults—especially the workers, for whom plenty of good

necessary revisions or excisions could be easily made.

Apparently, from what Mr. Attlee said last week, the Government is not unfavorable to the suggestion, but the opinions of Members of the House of Commons are on the whole against it. They seem to take the view that a speech to the House and a speech to the nation are two quite different things, both as to matter and as to manner, and that it would be a mistake to try to combine them. Or it may be merely that they resent the intrusion of wireless on their deliberations.

Perhaps they are right. If we are deprived of the privilege of hearing Mr. Churchill in the full tide of debate, we can console ourselves with the reflection that we are probably being spared some very long and very dull speeches by less eloquent statesmen in the future. Once you start this sort of thing you never can tell where it will end. There are very few orators like Mr. Churchill, and even fewer orators who realize it.

LONDON newspapers are very thin these days and generally very late. It used to be, even if you lived quite a long way off in the country, that your London morning paper arrived with the milkman. The butler brought it up with your early-morning tea—supposing you were that sort of person. Now you are lucky if you get it with your afternoon tea, and you probably have to go around on your poor flat feet or your push-bike to collect it. But perhaps the

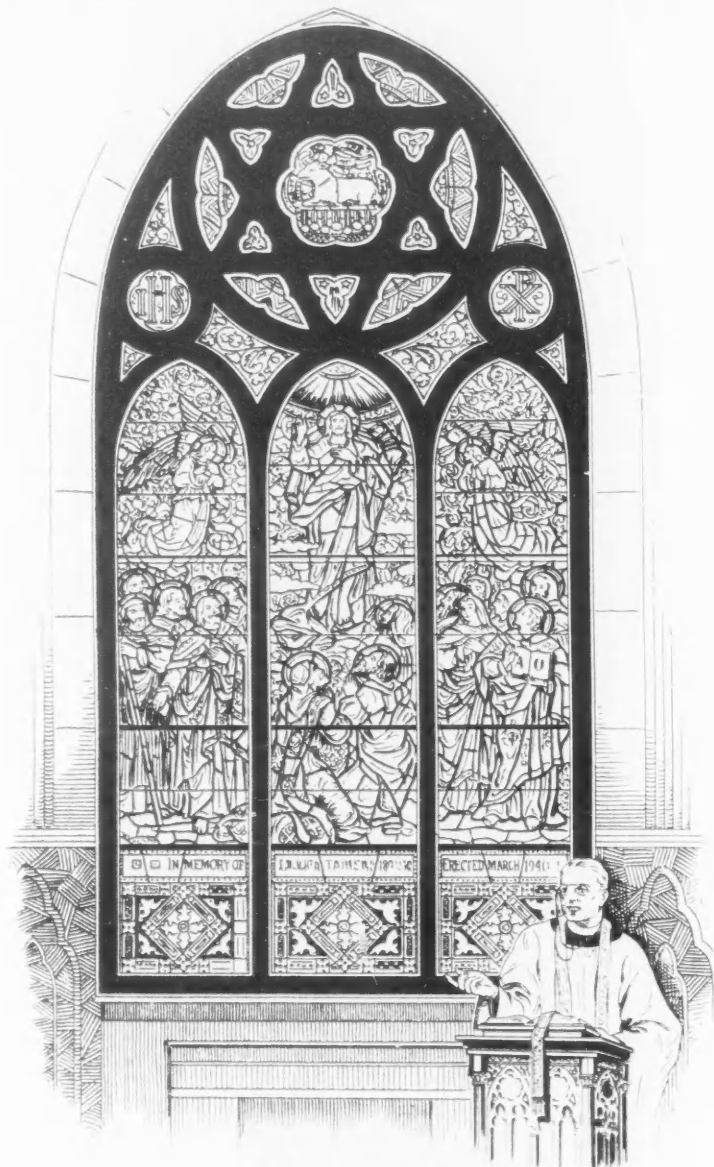
isn't going to come tumbling down on top of you almost any minute. But the ancient tribal law of the Press still holds—"the paper must come out." And the paper does come out. What's more, it comes out in Fleet Street.

When I speak of "Fleet Street," I don't mean merely that busy but rather dingy end of the Strand which reaches from Temple Bar to Ludgate Circus. I mean as well all the queer congested little streets that straggle off it, and also that considerable section of the London Press that has moved away to such distant places as Gray's Inn Road. They are all really part of Fleet Street, which is the heart of the whole newspaper arterial system. And they are all doing their work under the same conditions of danger and difficulty—and doing it amazingly well.

Fortunately newspaper buildings have huge basements. And fortunately that is where the big presses are always placed. The thought of a Hoe press coming through the ceiling is one to make the bravest shudder. Now everything possible is moved down there, printers, editorial staff and all, so that the star reporter may be turning out his stuff right beside the machine that is setting it up in type, and the managing editor may have hardly a corner to himself large enough to change his mind in. It is a queer huddled business, but the work gets done.

Naturally newspaper staffs don't stop for the sirens, as people do in professions less harassed by the clock. If Fleet Street did that, the papers would never come out. It is only when the watchers on the roof give the danger signal that the workers dash for shelter, and even then only for the few minutes that the bombs are actually dropping round about.

All the big London newspapers have emergency plants in safer areas outside London—just in case the



STAINED GLASS MEMORIAL IN TRIBUTE TO THE LATE SAMUEL FRANCIS WOOD

"Light and Life in a Memorial of Surpassing Beauty"

THE rays of the sun, streaming in glorified splendor through such tones of purple, red, blue, green and gold in a stained glass window by Hobbs Studios, create a living symphony of colour that is indescribably beautiful.

At night, seen from without, the effect is equally inspiring. (Simple illumination from inside greatly enhances the effect.)

What better memorial could be dedicated to the memory of one gone before? It has every desired attribute of dignity, beauty and permanence, plus the colour, vitality and light of an ever-living remembrance. It is set in a place where it is constantly seen by the family and friends.

There is still time for a memorial window to be completed, installed and dedicated at the Christmas season if arrangements are made now.

Our European-trained craftsmen bring to each task a skill and a conscientious care that produces work of rare quality. You are invited to visit the studios or write to

HOBB'S
Stained Glass Studios

William Meikle, Art Director

54 Duke Street

Toronto



SIR ANDREW DUNCAN, new Minister of Supply in revised War Cabinet

nourishing food is essential. Since they cannot get it in their own homes, in the dreadful circumstances of the times, it is up to the Government to provide it for them.

It is even possible that these community kitchens will become a permanent feature of English life. There is a lot to be said for them, considering the sort of food that millions of English people have had to put up with unless the national reputation for home cooking is grossly unjust.

OVER and over again the suggestion is made that the more important speeches in Parliament should be broadcast—especially those of the Prime Minister. The earnest people who write letters to the newspapers are clamoring for it, and some of the editors themselves have given their support to the idea, pointing out what a heartening effect it would have on the public to get these speeches fresh and hot, instead of boiled down in rather flat summaries in the news bulletins hours later. And the voice of the announcer is not the voice of Mr. Churchill.

Some three months ago the Prime Minister made a long and important speech in the House. That same evening he repeated it—or most of it—for the benefit of wireless listeners. Even in the repetition it was an inspiring and impressive statement. But until he warmed up, as he always does, his voice sounded strained and tired. Obviously it was an effort which he should not be asked to make often, or even again.

None the less the public is unwilling to forego the pleasure and inspiration it derives from hearing his words in his own voice—the voice that has become for most of us the authentic voice of Britain at this time. The only way to achieve this without adding intolerably to his burdens, is to arrange some sort of broadcast from the House of Commons—or at least to make a record that could afterwards be run off over the air. Such a record would have the further advantage that



HERBERT MORRISON, the new Home Secretary and Minister of Security.

amazing thing is that you get it at all.

Fleet Street has often been called "the street of adventure"—even before Phillip Gibbs wrote the newspaper novel with that title. It is more than ever the street of adventure nowadays and especially now. Getting out a newspaper always was a sort of gamble, but surely never such a gamble as now when you can't be certain that the whole building



ERNEST BEVIN, Minister of Labor, who has been taken into War Cabinet.

FOUNDED 1896

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20-24 DUKE ST.

THE LONDON LETTER

Fleet Street offices should be destroyed and work become impossible there. So far as I am aware, none of them is yet in use. The people of Fleet Street continue to carry on—in Fleet Street. All honor to them!

IF AN English politician wants to find out what a great fellow he is and what magnificent work he has done for his country, all he has to do is resign. Then even the people who have been hurling bricks through his windows will gather about his door and, hat in hand, will cheer him with affectionate enthusiasm as he takes his leave. Nothing but good of the dead—and nothing but good of those who have resigned.

Mr. Chamberlain is now making this pleasing discovery. Not for a moment am I suggesting that he is not a great person and has not done magnificent work for his country. On the contrary, I have, the very greatest admiration for him as an able, patriotic, and extremely resolute old gentleman.

The only serious mistake he made—though that was very nearly disastrous—was to think that statesmen in certain other countries were as anxious as he to avoid plunging the world into chaos, and that the agreements they signed or the promises they made had any meaning for them. Once he realized the sort of gangsters he was dealing with, he clubbed his trusty umbrella and started laying about him like the very stout-hearted old boy he is.

Possibly history will say that he should have made the discovery sooner, that Munich and all the other efforts at appeasement were a mistake, and that, as a matter of fact, he was "had." But just now we are not talking about that. We are remembering the noble intensity of his desire for peace in the world, and the heroic efforts he made to preserve it. We are remembering his great gifts as a parliamentarian and administrator, his profound understanding of the social problems of this country, and his unselfish determination to solve as many of them as he could.

That, in fact, is the tragedy of his career—that a man so fitted in mind and character to be one of the great peace-time Prime Ministers should have seen himself and all that he had planned and achieved hurled into the most terrible cataclysm in history. It is as if Noah had been caught by the Deluge while he was still busy building the Ark.

NATURALLY Mr. Churchill has taken advantage of Mr. Chamberlain's retirement—obviously as he regrets its necessity—to make several important Cabinet changes. I have no intention of discussing them in detail. That, no doubt, has already been done at considerable length in Canadian papers. But there are some that are of rather special interest.

It is, for instance, very interesting to see the members of two famous political families given seats in the new Cabinet—interesting if only as evidence of the way in which political careers seem to be inherited. Lord Cranbourne, who becomes Secretary for the Dominions, is a Cecil, with a family tradition in public life that goes back all the way to Burghley and Queen Elizabeth. There seems always to have been a Cecil active, one way or another, in the government of this country—or in opposition to the Government.

The other inheritor of a family tradition, though much briefer and much less distinguished than that of the Cecils, is Oliver Lyttelton, who becomes President of the Board of Trade—before he has even a seat in the House! But that is a little formality that is always easily arranged in this country, and now more easily than ever. His father Alfred Lyttelton was Colonial Secretary in the Balfour Government, and was generally regarded as Balfour's most likely successor, if death had not intervened. His mother, Dame Edith Lyttelton is still active in public affairs—as active, that is, as a dame can very well be.

Capt. Lyttelton himself—he served with the Grenadier Guards through

the last war—tried hard to avoid the family destiny. When the war was over he went into the City and became one of the "big shots" in the metal market—possibly the biggest shot of all. Politics was something on which he seemed firmly to have turned his back. But fate and Hitler have been too much for him.

He was taken into the Ministry of Supply as Controller of Non-Ferrous Metals, and is said to have bought supplies with so much foresight and daring that the country now has sufficient of these essential materials for a three-years' struggle, and the Government has been saved millions of pounds. As a reward—or just a bigger job of work—he has been given the Board of Trade.

He should be a success there, but he will have to be very good indeed if he is to equal the record of his predecessor, Sir Andrew Duncan, another distinguished business man, who has been one of the conspicuous successes of the Churchill team, and is now made Minister of Supply.

The work of both these men, neither of them a politician, is a strong argument for the people who are always demanding that business men should be given a greater share in the work of government.

THERE is one other appointment that seems to call for mention, that of Col. Moore-Brabazon to the Ministry of Transport. It is the sort of appointment that no one expects, but, once it is made, everyone hails as eminently suitable, and wonders why it wasn't done before. "Brab," as he is known to his friends—and to a great many other people who would like to give that impression—is one of the really picturesque personalities in the House.

He has been in politics for years and years, but he is not in any other sense a politician. No one could speak his mind with less political restraint and caution, or with a more vitriolic emphasis when the occasion seems to him to call for it. He has, in fact, the reputation of being one of the rudest men in London—the witty sort of rudeness that sticks like a barb in its victims.

ONE thing that Hitler and his war are doing for London, or seem likely to do, is to bring about a greater unity of control than has ever before been possible. As I have, I think, more than once pointed out in these columns, London is not one city but dozens of cities. There are not only the three great divisions of the City of London, the County of London, and Greater London, but there are also dozens of municipal borough councils, each controlling its own little district, and each exceedingly jealous of its privileges and authority.

This is part of the charm of London, that you can live in the world's greatest city with something of the cosiness, the neighborly intimacy of living in a small town. You are a citizen, not only of London, but also and more especially of Chelsea or Hampstead or Shoreditch or Bethnal Green or whatever you please. And the people who live in these various districts are very conscious of their local loyalties and keen to maintain their local institutions and ways of doing.

All this contributes to the variety and attractiveness of London, but it does not contribute to the ease and efficiency of government—especially at a time like this. Take A.R.P. arrangements, for instance, which are now of such vital importance. Each little local authority considers that the care and protection of its own people devolve upon it. Its members feel that it is up to them to provide the necessary shelters and to make provision for those who have been bombed out of their homes.

Unfortunately, they haven't always been able to do it, either because the damage done was particularly severe and extensive, or because their arrangements were inadequate—as in some of the poorer districts of the East End. The result has been a good deal of suffering that might have been avoided or mitigated.

This is not to say that the general A.R.P. work of London has not been carried out with a quite amazing efficiency. It has. But there have been some bad breakdowns here and there—though only temporary—which might have been avoided with a more centralized control of the great task. And it is for this more centralized control that the Association of Local Government Officers is now asking—the very men who might be expected to be most jealous of their local rights!

"German bombers," they point out, "are no respecters of borough boundaries, and, to the ordinary citizen in the 20th century, it must seem utterly fantastic that the accident of living on one side of a street should subject him to dangers and disabilities which his neighbors on the other side escape."

So it is! And there is no doubt at all that it will quickly be put right—in more than the matter of A.R.P., I imagine. In fact, London is likely to be a new London in many ways by the time this war is over. It may not be a pleasanter London to live in than the old one, but it is likely to be much better organized and run.



HENRY WILLINK, K.C., who has been given the tremendous job of providing shelter for the people of London who have been bombed out of homes.

LONDON CALLING

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Informed and entertaining comment on the week's happenings at home and abroad.



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Never did you see such creamy whiteness and such kindly texture as you see within this lovely jar of Yardley English Lavender Cream—\$1.10.



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YARDLEY LAVENDER

Beauty Preparations

MUSICAL EVENTS

Music in Many Varieties

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

THE great pianist Artur Rubinstein, opened the Celebrity Concert Series at Massey Hall last week in an all-Chopin program. Personally I prefer the "mixed farming" system in program building, and I think that some harm has been done to Chopin by devoting recitals exclusively to his works. Yet I must confess that I was never once bored. This was due not merely to Mr. Rubinstein's unlimited resources as a technician, but to the rare individuality he gave to every interpretation. His touch was peculiarly plastic and lovely; and his phrasing had the touch of aristocratic distinction on which Chopin insisted. This was especially apparent in the Sonata in B minor. I have heard renderings by very eminent pianists that made it sound commonplace, but the nobility and elegance of Rubinstein's style made it profoundly interesting. The rarefied lyric delicacy with which he treated characteristic melodies in all the works presented was signally apparent, and his playing of one very brief passage, the plagal cadence which concludes the Andante, still haunts me. His subtle lyric method also gave new meaning to one of the most familiar of all melodies, the main subject of the Fantasia Impromptu. What may be termed his "exclusive" attitude was apparent in the ultra-refinement of his rhythms in Valses and Mazurkas. With his powers of execution all the king's horses of course galloped forth gloriously in the Polonaise in A flat; but I found more enjoyment in less familiar works like two posthumous Etudes and the seldom-heard Scherzo, No. 4, in E major. For listeners not overted with Chopin (as a professional critic inevitably must be) the whole recital was thrilling.

We shall not, this season, hear a more precious and unique song recital than that of the French interpreter and musical archaeologist which opened the Music Master Series at Eaton Auditorium last week. It is difficult to classify the voice of M. Tinayre; sometimes he is a tenor, sometimes a baritone, but his tones are at all times mellow and elegant. Scholarship is suggested in the utter-

ance of every phrase. The singer had with him as accompanist the brilliant young English musician, Bernard Naylor, now a resident of Ottawa. He had played for M. Tinayre at similar recitals in England. By virtue of the beauty and intimacy of his rendering of ancient music, he shared the honors of the occasion. In fact he did service in relieving the monotony of expression to which M. Tinayre inclines. The first part of the program consisted of early and classical sacred music, and I was glad of the opportunity to hear a work by Josquin des Prés, most original of pre-Reformation composers. It was a beautiful Stabat Mater, sung with reverential beauty. Equally inspiring was a Motet by Andreas Hammerschmidt, of the 17th Century Bohemian school. Because of its nature the program demanded a sophisticated audience and I fancy that many of those present enjoyed the "Agnus Dei" from Mozart's C major Mass more than the museum pieces.

M. Tinayre's English diction is not very clear-cut, but he revealed real dramatic power in the beautiful aria "Sound, Fame, the Brazen Trumpet", from Purcell's "Diocletian"; and his singing of songs by Ravel and Debussy was full of delicate graces of the salon order.

A Great Quartet

The Women's Musical Club of Toronto has begun its 43rd consecutive season. Throughout that long period its programs have always been unique in distinction. Tradition was sustained at Hart House Theatre last week when it presented for the first time in this city the Musical Art Quartet, for fourteen years one of the most brilliant chamber organizations in New York. Its founder and first violin, Sascha Jacobsen, is of Finnish nativity but has long been resident in America. He is a pupil of the late Franz Kneisel, whose Quartet was in its day the foremost organization of its kind in America. Mr. Jacobsen's colleagues are Paul Bernard, second violin; William Hymnanson, viola; and Marie Roemaet-Rosanoff, cello.

The supreme beauty of their tone is, in part, due to the fact that they play Stradivarius instruments, the total value of which is estimated at a quarter of a million dollars. By constant practice and association they have attained a well-nigh perfect ensemble, lovely in spontaneity and intimate response. Their breadth and sonority in Brahms' noble Quartet in C minor, opus 51, was entralling. Their lyric quality was especially apparent in an arrangement of Schubert's "Hark, Hark the Lark". Other numbers were by Ernest Bloch, Haydn and Glazounov, and an Interlude by the latter was rendered with memorable color, ease and abandon.

"Musical Manifesto"

The series, "Musical Manifesto", provided by a group of Canadian pianists, had a brilliant inaugural at Eaton Auditorium last week. Three young artists were heard, the piano duo, Gordon Hallett and Clifford Poole, and the gifted Margaret Parsons. The latter is one of the most delightful of interpreters. By virtue of the exquisitely tender and sincere quality of her art, she imparts individual grace to every number she plays. Her touch is lovely and her execution free and broad in scope. Though she excels in the delicate pastel effects of Debussy, she has ample power, as demonstrated in her vital rendering of Dohnanyi's brilliant and fascinating Rhapsody in C major. One of her most captivating achievements was in the humor and piquancy of "The Donkeys" by Grodzki; and her playing of Schumann and Chopin was admirable in phrasing. Hallett and Poole have an enthusiastic, masterful method which ingratiates the listener. They blend perfectly and produce a large, mellow, stimulating tone. In the Brahms-Haydn Variations they revealed a tendency toward over-emphasis, but the crashing finale was splendidly played. I liked best their modern numbers. "Jamaica Rhumba", by Arthur Benjamin of Vancouver, was played with such ease, gusto and abandon, that most of us would have enjoyed a repetition, and they were capital in Duvernoy's descriptive work, "Rolling Fire".

The Name Bizet

The name of Bizet is so identified with the theatre that many were astonished when John Barbirolli included in the first broadcast concert of the New York Philharmonic Society, a Symphony in C, never before heard in America. Its neglect on this continent is not surprising since it was not performed even in Paris until 1935, 60 years after Bizet's death. Its rich joyous rhythmical quality delighted everyone who heard it over the air, and the oblivion in which it lay so long becomes the more inexplicable. It is evidence that the malice which pursued the composer in life persisted after his death. Now that the Symphony has been released it is to be hoped that it will be played by many orchestras.

O Galuppi, Baldassaro

Alexander Chuhaldin often puts us in his debt by reviving precious forgotten things in the programs of the CBC String Orchestra. Recently he conducted an Adagio and Gigue by the old Venetian composer, Baldassaro Galuppi. It was a sparkling and piquant work, which no doubt bears a family resemblance to the music which inspired Robert Browning to write the most haunting of all his lyrics, "A Toccata of Galuppi's." There are lines in it that, once read, are never forgotten. The Toccata evoked in Browning a picture of the vanished gaiety of 18th century Venice, and thoughts of dear dead women with golden hair, who had



ANNA KASKAS, young member of the Metropolitan Opera Company, who is coming to the Eaton Auditorium, Toronto, for two concerts, one Thursday and one Saturday evening, November 7 and November 9.

become dust and ashes. In one couplet he says:

"Yes; you like a ghostly cricket, creaking where a house was burned:

Dust and ashes, dead and done with, Venice spent what Venice earned."

The case of Galuppi himself is an evidence of the evanescence of mortal things. His name is remembered because one of his minor works for the harpsichord roused a poetic impulse in an English poet; but in life he was one of the most prolific of composers and busiest of men.

Galuppi was born on the Island of Burano near Venice, son of a barber and theatre fiddler. His life was a long one, 1706-1785. He was a pupil of Antonio Lotti, organist at St. Mark's and himself in later life was director of music there; but his early tastes were for the theatre and he composed his first opera at the age of 16. All told he composed 110 works in this form.

Though most of his life was spent in Venice he was something of a cosmopolite. For three seasons beginning 1741 he conducted the Italian Opera in London, and went from there to St. Petersburg where he remained two or three years.

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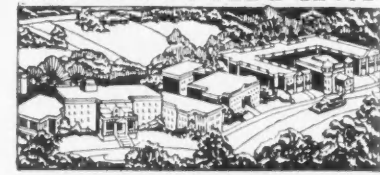
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ART AND ARTISTS

Posters Line Up for War Duty

GOOD posters combine art with information. They cost little to make, they are easily reproduced and distributed, they are the most effective known means of putting over a message. Canadian advertising has long known the value of the poster, but the Canadian government, despite the vast amount of vital information which the war has made it necessary for the public to know, has so far left almost unused this potent force.

It is good news, therefore, to learn that the Director of Public Information has authorized the formation of a voluntary Advisory Posters Committee under the chairmanship of H. O. McCurry, Director of the National Gallery of Canada. This may well be and judging from the personnel of the committee, will be a prelude to a vigorous campaign for the use of posters for stating simply and forcefully messages which in the past have been but dimly apprehended.

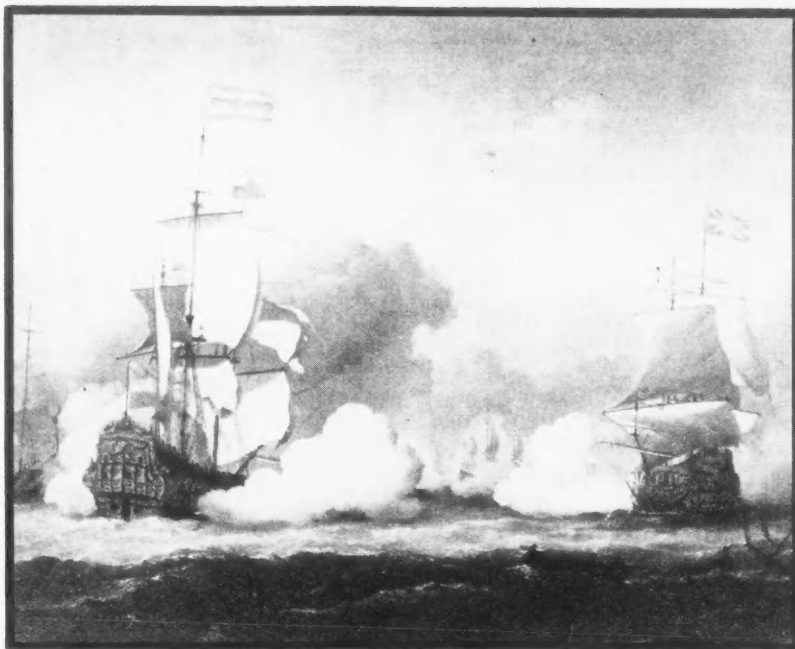
The most obvious need is for "don't talk" posters, and I understand the first posters sponsored by the committee are to be photo-montages showing the danger of careless gossip in public places.

Posters can give us forceful interim statements on the progress of the war effort; they can help draft men into industry and farm work; they

BY GRAHAM McINNES

can tell us how to invest our savings and how to make the war-time dollar go farther; they can reprint any imperishable phrases our leaders may perhaps make, or if not that, give us Churchill's. And they can cement still further those ties of unity which

available talent and understanding of on what projects it can be best used. The committee includes Fred S. Haines, Director of the Ontario College of Art; Dr. Duncan Campbell Scott of Ottawa, an outstanding patron of the liberal arts; Edwin Holgate and Jean Chauvin of Montreal, the former an outstanding painter



The desire to aid the Red Cross is bringing to Toronto one of the greatest collections of famous paintings ever shown in Canada, opening November 15 at the Art Gallery of Toronto. This powerful battle piece by Van de Velde the Younger depicts a stirring naval engagement between Dutch and English, and was probably done for King Charles II.

the war has already drawn tighter, by telling each section of Canada what the other is doing, what its people are like.

But even more important is it that such posters be well designed, strongly drawn, neatly lettered and imaginatively conceived. We have the artists in Canada: men from commercial firms who can do as much for defence as for dry goods, as much for war industry as for cosmetics, as much to help national fitness, and dispose of surplus products as to sell us washing machines and toothpaste. We have individual painters too, whose talents can be harnessed to the good cause.

The selection of painters is a matter of paramount importance, for a bad or feeble poster is worse than none at all. Here is where the committee comes in. It could hardly have been better chosen for knowledge of

and teacher, the latter an eminent French Canadian critic; Lemoine Fitzgerald, Director of the Winnipeg School of Art; C. H. Scott, Director of the Vancouver School of Art; A. Y. Jackson, dean of Canadian landscape painters, and Will Ogilvie, senior instructor at the Montreal Art Association's school.

WAR is noted for the restrictions it imposes; but that it can also cut red tape is amply demonstrated in the art world. On November 15th, there opens at the Art Gallery of Toronto an exhibition of paintings in aid of the Red Cross. In peace time most of these works would have been inaccessible, but owing to the cause in which they are shown, many U.S. collections have waived their customary rules to give Canadian art lovers a chance of seeing paintings they would normally never see.

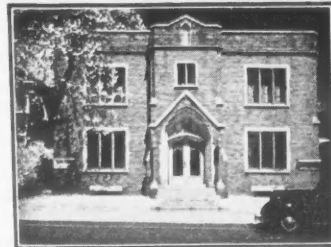
Boris Volkoff's Ballet

BY LUCY VAN GOGH

A VERY large audience—the largest audience that could possibly be accommodated with seats from which they could obtain a reasonable view of the performance, for there were no empty seats except behind the dancers—attended the show given by Boris Volkoff and his ballet organization at Varsity Arena on October 24, and received every number with unqualified delight. Mr. Volkoff is definitely in process of making ballet a popular entertainment in Canada. To give credit where credit is due, we must add that he is getting generous and public-spirited support from certain sponsors among whom the O'Keefe industry is the chief. A program "Appreciation" noted that this support not only enabled Mr. Volkoff to make the financial arrangements for a performance which included an excellent symphony orchestra, Sir Ernest MacMillan, Ettore Mazzoleni and Margaret Clemens, but also to guarantee the Red Cross \$500 over and above the net proceeds of the show. This is a kind of thing that we cannot have too much of, especially when it is devoted to entertainment that is not only artistic but capable

of attracting a large and discriminating public.

Mr. Volkoff himself is a dramatic dancer with a tendency to comedy, but it is under his direction that his wife, Janet Baldwin, has progressed so steadily in the art of slow and dignified dancing that she is today one of the most satisfying performers in such things as the "Exhibition Waltz" that one can find on the North American stage. In the "Sur les Pointes" style Mr. Volkoff has a most accomplished artist in Patricia Drylie, and in miming Elizabeth Johnstone is incomparable. John Marsha easily led a very capable group of men dancers. The chief dramatic item was a repetition of "The Big Top" circus ballet already given at Hart House Theatre. The only weak spot, and it was not too weak owing to the dexterous contriving of Mr. Herman Voaden, was the lighting, the equipment for which was inadequate; flooding was impossible, and therefore in order to avoid shadows it was necessary to use a dead black background, which was admirable for the non-dramatic stuff but gave Miss Johnstone no chance for her subtle effects as the circus trained poodle.



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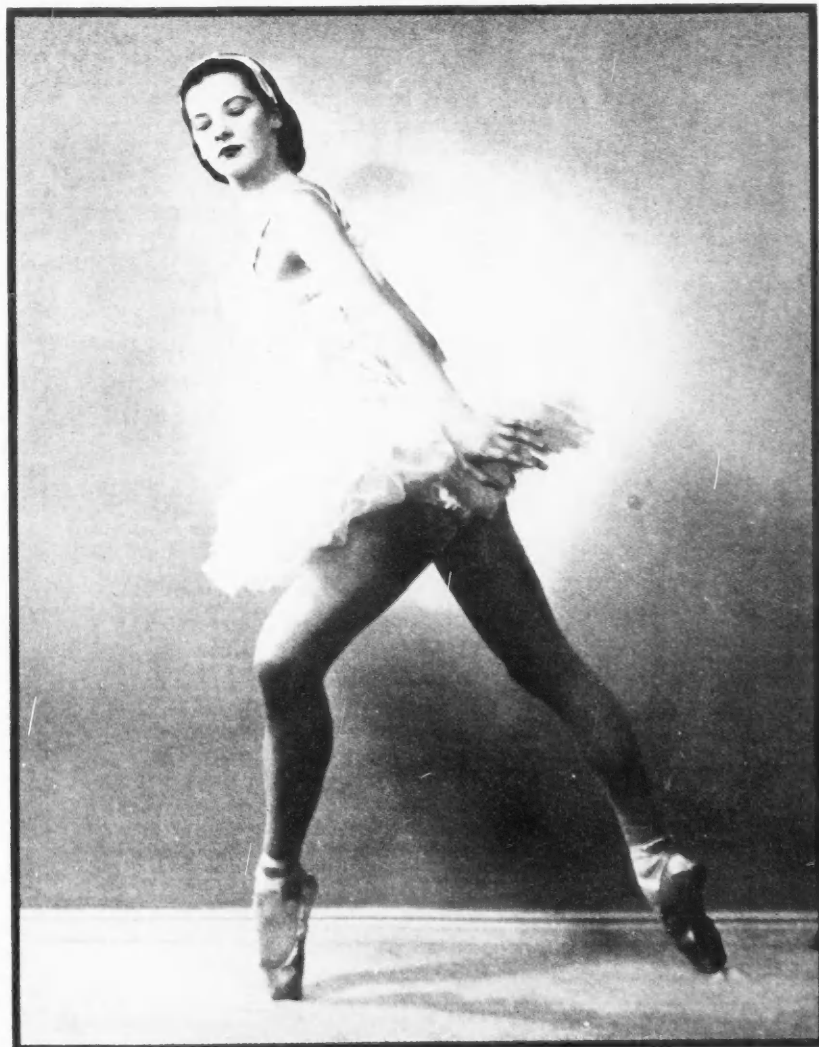
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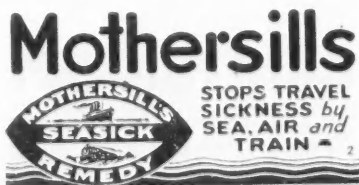
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CONCERNING FOOD

Other Fish To Fry

BY JANET MARCH

WARS are bad for fishermen, which doesn't imply that they are good for anyone else. We have all heard about the multitude of dead fish washed up on the coasts of England. Dover sole might reasonably be ex-

pected to have a touch of high explosive in it, and fishing in mine infested waters can be no joke—not that fishing is a jocular matter save when amateurs get together, have a few drinks and begin holding their

arms farther and farther apart as time passes. Sir Walter Scott's remark in *The Antiquary*, "It's no fish ye're buying—it's men's lives," is sadly truer today than when he wrote it.

Canadian fishermen haven't the troubles of their European brethren but they have to find a market on this side of the Atlantic or go on relief. What about all of us giving them a hand by eating more fish? It makes a grand luncheon dish and there are still strong men and women who can face finnan haddie, kedgeriee, kippers or Winnipeg Goldeyes with pleasure for breakfast, even though the sissy habit of just using orange juice and coffee in the morning and calling it breakfast is growing.

What the housekeeper really wants is a means of converting a couple of pounds of cod or haddock picked up on the way home from working for the Red Cross into a dish worthy of Escoffier.

The bitter truth about fish is that unless it is very fresh or cured it has a habit of losing its flavor. As we can't all live beside a lobster pot or a mountain lake the thing we have to learn is how to put the flavor back in again. None of the nourishing qualities fall out with the first freshness so that it's just as good if we can make it taste as good. This is a challenge to a good cook and these are times to take up challenges whether they be fishy ones or international responsibilities, so even if we can't always spare time—and eggs and butter—to make a perfect Hollandaise, we can acquire some of the quicker ways of the French with a fish.

Court Bouillon is a favorite French solution of the fish problem, and this is how you make it.

Court Bouillon

2 quarts of water
2 tablespoons of vinegar
2 sliced carrots
½ sliced onion
Parsley stalks
Thyme, bayleaf, salt and pepper—corns

Put all these things in together and bring to the boil and let simmer for three quarters of an hour, then strain and cool. Then when you rush in with your piece of fish poach it in this bouillon and the taste is so improved you will hardly know it to be the same fish. When poaching don't let it bubble. It must be just on the verge of boiling, no more, and

allow about ten minutes for two pounds, if the fish is a thin one through like sole; allow a little more for a thick chunk. Most people cook fish too long.

Don't imagine that the whole battle of turning cod from thick white blotting paper into a masterpiece worthy of a French chef is finished with the court bouillon. To do a good job you should make a sauce too—and don't let it be a white one with pieces of hard boiled egg in it—probably a *Sauce Mornay*. Put a layer of sauce, then the fish well drained, and then another layer of sauce, and over all sprinkle grated cheese and brown in the oven. You probably have your own recipe for Mornay Sauce, but here is one in case you have mislaid it.

Sauce Mornay

Make 2½ cupfuls of white sauce in the double boiler, add a little grated nutmeg and salt and pepper. Put in a slice of onion with a couple of cloves stuck in it, and a bunch made up of parsley, thyme and a bay leaf and let this all cook for twenty minutes. Then strain and take out the onion and herbs and put the sauce back to heat again. Add two beaten egg yolks and a half a cupful of grated cheese, and if this makes too thick a mixture thin down with melted butter. Mr. Swift was right when he said, "They say fish should swim thrice... first it should swim in the sea, then it should swim in butter, and at last it should swim in good claret." The claret, the Mornay sauce and the court bouillon should turn your cod out in practically heavenly garments.

Here is another way of serving filleted cod or haddock, and it won't take quite so long as the last.

Cod à la Cantabrica

Put the fillets of cod on to poach. Fry a large chopped onion lightly in oil, and add to it two crushed cloves of garlic, four tomatoes—canned ones will do now that the field ones are over—and a bunch of herbs, for these are the sterling mark of a French recipe. Let these things simmer and add a wineglassful of white wine, and if you need more liquid a little of the water from the poaching fish. Cook for about ten minutes and then strain the sauce and season with salt and pepper. Flake the poached cod and put it in a baking dish, pour on the sauce and re-heat in a hot oven before serving.

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SPINACH. The dark green curly variety of spinach is cut into particles of such size that only a moderate amount of chewing is required.

PINEAPPLE RICE PUDDING. Prepared from fancy Hawaiian pineapple in a wholesome custard enriched with rice. Its high carbohydrate content makes it an energy-giving food—the eggs and milk increase its nutritive value.

PRUNE PUDDING. Choice prunes and farina are cooked with milk and eggs, producing a dish that is less laxative than plain prunes and has an excellent nutritive balance.

APPLE FIG & DATE DESSERT. Ripe, full-flavoured apples are blended with the small-seeded variety of white figs and select dates. Lemon juice is added to enhance this combination of rich, zesty flavours with a touch of tartness.

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There are more ways of making Bouillabaisse than of killing a cat. It is the accepted famous dish of Marseilles, but, just for variety here's a way of making Cornish Bouillabaisse.

Cornish Bouillabaisse

3 leeks
2 lbs. of potatoes
5 tomatoes
3 celery hearts
3½ pints of water
Salt, pepper, thyme, a bay leaf, chopped parsley
3 egg yolks
4 tablespoons of cream
Fried croutons
4 pounds of fish

There must be a variety to the fish as you can't make this out of just one kind. The sorts called for are mackerel, turbot, rock salmon, red mullet, whiting, fresh tunny fish. The best thing to do is to buy one pound of each of the four best and freshest sorts of fish, on the morning of the day you are going to make it. Put the leeks, sliced and using only the white parts; the tomatoes, skinned; the potatoes sliced and diced, in a casserole with the flavoring. Cook in a moderate oven for half an hour, and then add the fish sliced in small pieces, and with all skin and bones removed. Cook for another fifteen minutes and then add, stirring lightly, the egg yolks and the cream. Cook for a few minutes till thoroughly hot and serve with fried croutons. This makes a good dish for luncheon or Sunday supper.

"THE BACK PAGE"

The Turning Point in My Life

I'M AFRAID the phrase "turning point" is rather misleading. It should be "breaking point." You see, I flatter myself that I come from a fairly good family. By that I mean a comparatively quiet and respectable family, never more than slightly mad, anyway. I also come from the West. Perhaps that is why I can't stand the East. Or is it that the East can't stand me? I don't know. In fact, I don't even care any more. My health is all gone. They say my mind is gone too, but that's just Eastern propaganda, I think. I hope. My morals are pretty well shot too, but we won't bother with that now.

After twenty-two years spent at kindergarten, public school, high school and a fairly sane University in the West, some ignorant person conceived the idea that culture was all that I now lacked. So I came to Toronto. Why? Well, they say Toronto is steeped in culture. I might have agreed with this at the time. Now I think stewed is a better word. I also read that here one finds "the essential juices of all knowledge, strained for the edification of the ignorant." Which boils down to the fact that Toronto stews in its own juice. It can, and does.

Not that I dislike Toronto. Much. It is really an exceedingly well-balanced city. The fragrance of the flowering gardens is balanced by the smell of the sewage system. The clear sunlight of the daytime is replaced in the evening by a lighting system comparable to the flickering futility of a Diogenes lamp. Perhaps learning to find an honest man, these Easterners insisted on this type of illumination. Or did the Lord stutter when He spoke unto Toronto and said "Let there be light"? I really think it was the flickering lights that started me on the trail to a rest home.

BUT the true beauty of Toronto the Good rests in its churches. Rests is a good word, too. As a youth I was taught that churches in themselves were of no value. It was the people in them who made the difference. In Toronto it makes no difference. There are far more churches than people who attend them. It's a curious thing that one sees many "For Sale" signs on churches and never any on beer parlors. This may explain the shakiness of the hand that holds the candle-power. Oh, well! Toronto's churches really are great places, though, for people who want to be alone.

To get back to the point, my impressions of Toronto were mainly determined by the people I met and the buildings I was thrown out of. The people were fairly clean. None too intelligent, however. A query as to how to get to a certain place was always answered with "Well, you keep on going until you come to an old building you can't help but recognize it." I guess that's a standard joke in Toronto. As jokes go, in Toronto. If a place is merely thick with dirt but still recognizable as a building, that's a modern business centre. If it looks like a pile of dirt entirely surrounded by moss and cobwebs, that's an educational centre. Everything is covered with dust—even the professors. That's why Toronto people are healthy. Germs can't get near them. They give up in disgust. (Incidentally, I understand from unimpeachable sources that the soot in the air combines with what red blood is to be found here and produces the famed local blue-blooded, blue-lunged, aristocracy.)

So, with my application in one hand and a respirator in the other, I wended my way through Toronto's "atmosphere" and headed for the department where I was to register. Getting there was a nightmare. I minced my little footsteps through the garbage cans and puddles and finally came to what is known (locally) as a main thoroughfare. In Toronto a main thoroughfare is easily identified by a church on each side of the "street", a beer-parlor beside

BY ALAN W. YOUNG

each of them, and two pan-handlers peregrinating between the respective landmarks. Some pieces of long rusty iron lay haphazardly in the roadway—these I soon identified as 'street-car tracks'. Settling down with my lunch-basket and pup-tent I set up camp and prepared to await the arrival (or should I say 'event') of a trolley. For no one walks in Toronto—I believe there's something sacred about it. The pup-tent is standard equipment in the Queen City; (this explains the wide-spread fallacy that all Torontonians are hunchbacks). One sits in one's tent, then pops out when the street-cars pass. One waves frantically—that is known as the Toronto Salute; the street-cars go by,—that is how the salute is returned. Finally, having saluted the requisite number of times, one takes a taxi. Thus one reaches one's destination late enough that it is not necessary to wait more than an hour for one's appointee.

Having reached the department, the nightmare continued. In fact it continued for two weeks. With each professor I went to see it was the same thing. At ten in the morning he wasn't there yet; at twelve he had left for lunch; at two-thirty he wasn't back yet; at three-thirty he

was having tea; at four-thirty he had gone home for the day. After a few weeks of this I began to get the idea. What system Toronto may be said to have is very simple once you get on to it. To be very business-like and efficient, one makes appointments. That is the be-all and end-all of Toronto efficiency. Particularly the end-all. If one makes an appointment one has gone far enough. To proceed further with the thing, like keeping the appointment, is apparently a common and uncultured thing to do. One must merely rest on one's merits (I can think of a better word for it) for a few weeks or months or years, until Professor So-And-So gets around to seeing one. One gets tired. In fact, one gets fed up. Frankly, one goes mad. I know. I did!

However, I ran into a graduate the other day. He told me he had received his M.A.—but as yet had had no notice of registration. So I stopped worrying. If it is possible to get an M.A. without being registered in the University, why bother registering? But I come from the West—and Toronto bothers me. Maybe I'm crazy—they say I am, here at The Home—or maybe I'm just in Toronto. Anyway I don't care any more. Why should I? That's the secret of Toronto and Toronto people. They just don't care.

I, a Baby, Visit the Doctor

BY MAY RICHSTONE

MOTHERS are such unpredictable creatures! So hard to train! Here we are, after three months, just about adjusted to each other when out of a clear sky she decides to take me to the doctor. Does she consult me? She does not! Before I am even aware of her high-handed intentions I find myself in the office.

I'll grant you the waiting room is charming—a veritable fairyland of babies, play pens, tables, picture books, blocks and colored balls. But mother dumps me into a crib-like affair and leaves me to survey the ceiling. Naturally I complain. And I don't intend to be soothed too readily. I am disappointed in mother and she may as well know it. Besides, I'm hungry. And when I get hungry, I say schedules be hanged.

Three babies are ahead of us. Life is one stretch of waiting after another. Mother needn't think I'm going to fall asleep. I shall be thoroughly fretful until it's my turn. On second thought, I'll take a drink of water and relax. I may need my energy.

Well, here we are in the sanctum sanctorum. Here's another table and another baby. We're being handled two at a time, to expedite matters, apparently. What indignity!

This other chap looks like an old-timer. And it seems that crying is the correct procedure. I don't feel a bit weepy any more but maybe this fellow needs moral support. While I'm at it, I'll give him a few pointers in yelling. It's a fine art and he needs to brush up on some of its ramifications. This, my lad, is how it's done.

NEVER have I seen a more imperturbable nurse. She peels off my clothes as though I were a banana. She turns me over like a slice of steak. Something should be done to ruffle her composure. Now take mother's technique. She handles me as if I were as fragile as spun glass and as precious as the crown jewels. So much cherishing amuses me a little, but it is pleasant. Then there's daddy. He tosses me up in the air and slings me around like a rubber ball. I like that too. But I definitely disapprove of this nurse. If her hands weren't so quick and capable, I'd be tempted to kick her right in that glassy, professional smile. I wonder that mother can stand by so calm and serene. Good

heavens!—I hope these casual people don't spoil mother for me, just as I've got her convinced that I'm important, delicate, yes, priceless!

Here's the doctor; he merits nothing but a glance of frosty suspicion. He may as well know I don't trust him or his ilk. His demeanor lacks the respect, to say nothing of the reverence to which I am accustomed. What does he think I am—just another baby? My parents at least are aware that I am unique in the annals of babydom.

To what humiliations I am subjected. Must these strangers know such intimate things as my temperature, my weight, my length, my diet? Is there no privacy in this world? What are my tonsils and ears and nose to the doctor? You'd think I was the map of Europe, the way he scrutinizes every square inch of me. If only my daddy were around.

WHATEVER made me dimly suspect that this might be fun! I should have feared the worst. I'm to be vaccinated. Look here, doctor—you may have education and experience on your side, but to me, vaccination is a fad. He pays no attention to me. Just because I can't stand up and put my foot down, I'm not permitted to live my own life.

The nurse holds my arms. Mother holds my legs. Why don't they give a fellow a chance to defend himself? They wouldn't treat me this way if this right arm of mine were two feet longer. Or if my daddy were here. The doctor is scratching me. It doesn't hurt, but I'll yell bloody murder anyhow. And to think that I couldn't even depend on my own mother for help.

I'm glad to see that mother looks ready to collapse. At least she's human. That's more than can be said for the doctor and the nurse. Well—it seems I misjudged them. Here's a big fat balloon all blown up for me. How intriguing a sound my fingernails make on the rubber! What a strange airy thing it is. When I have a son I shall get him a balloon.

Mother has me all dressed and bundled into the carriage again. Ah bliss! my bottle. I forgive everybody everything. Especially mother. Poor dear, her hair is dishevelled and there's a wild light in her eyes. She probably thinks she has been through an ordeal!



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Why Rent Restriction is Not a Real Control

BY W. A. McKAGUE

IF THE war program really necessitates the fixing of prices for goods and services, there can be no objection to the fixing of rents, because the use of property is a form of service. The real cause of criticism is the entirely fortuitous basis on which rents are being fixed, and the very casual attitude of the authorities on the matter of income return.

During the summer months there were intimations that the rent and housing situation was being studied at Ottawa, and in early September it was announced that the scope of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board had been extended to include this field. Justice W. M. Martin of Saskatchewan was appointed Rent Controller for the Board.

On September 25 it was stated that action for the present would be confined to certain areas which were named, and which were mainly the points at which air training and other military operations had caused an unusual demand for space. These include Halifax, Sydney and several other places in Nova Scotia, Brownsburg and Thorford Mines in Quebec, numerous municipalities in Ontario, Brandon in Manitoba, and Vancouver, Victoria and Esquimalt in B.C.

The order of September 25 sets the rental in effect for any property on January 2, 1940, as the maximum that can be charged for it. The landlord is open on the one side to whatever declines may arise from depression, obsolescence, etc., but on the other side he cannot derive any benefit from activity or improvement. All other clauses, and supplementary statements issued by the Board or its rental administrator, merely support this "stand-still" order.

Thus on October 2 it was emphasized that "all leases are automatically amended in accordance with this order and no further notice from the Board to landlords or from landlords to their tenants is necessary; tenants will consider the January 2 rate as the maximum which they must pay, and no notice to vacate can be given by the landlord for refusal by a tenant to pay a higher rental."

Checks New Building

Assuming that rent control is justified, and granting that any attempt to arrive at a long term average, or a cost plus rental, or an appraisal, would involve great difficulty, we are still faced with the fact that the proposal to "freeze" rents to the level of January 2, 1940, is a denial of every ordinary consideration in the matter of rental, and a black eye for the future of new building and improvement.

The average rent of January, 1940, represented an inadequate return upon the capital investment in property. There had been a decade of depression or near-depression during which rents had slumped, while taxes had increased, to the point where some properties had an operating loss, others did not make enough to replace the capital invested, and the great majority showed only a nominal return in the way of interest.

To freeze rents at this level is to perpetuate, for the indefinite duration of the war, the era of persecution to which real estate has been subjected during the past decade. Rents today are scarcely 50 per cent above what they were in 1913. The wage level, on the other hand, is nearly doubled. Municipal taxation has greatly increased, and in some cases has multiplied.

The rent proposal of the government is issued in such defiance of economic laws that we fear it is no accident, but rather another illustration of the deliberate policy of levying on capital an undue share of the cost of the war. In other words, what matter if the property owner is stuck, so long as the tenant is appeased? If we are to get cheap money for gov-

According to the first step taken, rent control in Canada is to prevent advances but to permit declines. It entirely ignores investment return, taxes and other factors in individual circumstances.

This seems to be another illustration of hostility towards all forms of capital investment, and of the intent to keep interest rates unduly low, in defiance of the experience that in wartime economies and savings must be induced by adequate incentives.

ernment loans, then we must leave no profitable channel for private investment; and what will better implement this policy, than the sacrifice of all the hopes of the property owner and the builder?

The influence of the rental order is not confined to the areas specified. Landlords elsewhere know that they have only to make a move in the direction of higher rents, and the order will be clapped on their whole community.

Modernization Halted

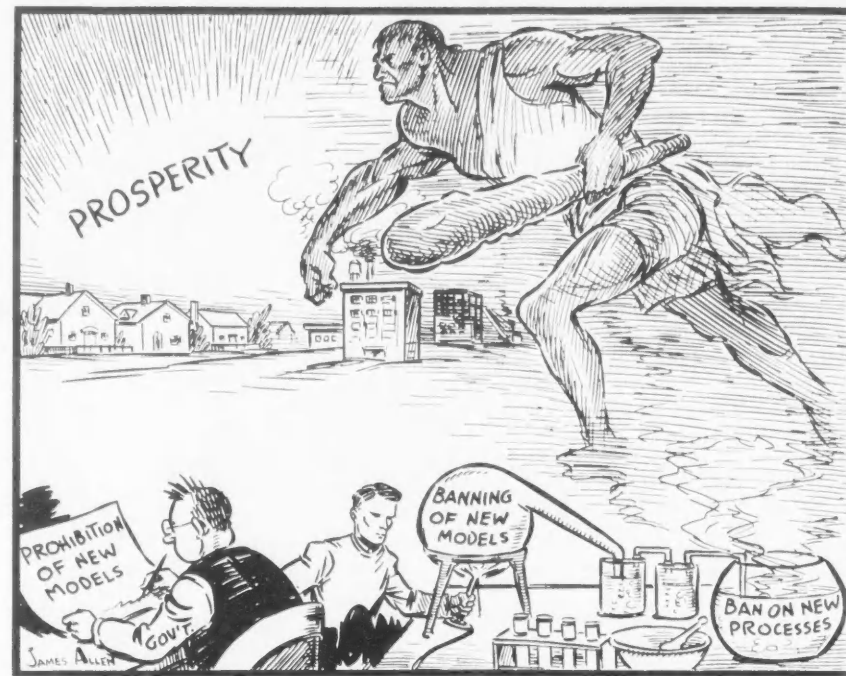
The order will be discouraging to improvements and even maintenance. Knowing that he cannot get more rent, the owner foregoes whatever modernization plans he had in mind. As the property runs down, he lets nature take its course, for so long as rents are artificially depressed, so also will be the supply of properties, and it will be possible to hold up the rent for premises which are in poor condition.

If the problem were of limited duration—whether one, or two or three years—it might be survived without lasting harm. Perhaps the

Ottawa authorities are guessing on the duration of the war. Perhaps they are merely hopeful. But the business man or the investor cannot be sure. He has to be guided by the facts and the possibilities. He can be imposed upon by a war regulation, but he cannot be forced to plunge deeper into the mire, unless something new is devised to impel him. Therefore he cautiously refrains from new building, from improvements, and even from repairs in cases where the rental is inadequate.

True enough, there is nothing in the regulations thus far to prevent a new property from being built and started off at an adequate rent, but the government having shown its hand, the prospective builder and owner is warned of what may happen in the future. As the war effects accumulate, we may expect higher prices for coal, paint, plumbing supplies and the numerous other items that enter into construction and maintenance.

The only kind of scheme through which rents could be soundly controlled, it is submitted, would be one in which all commodities and services were equitably fixed, and rents pro-



HOW TO CREATE A FRANKENSTEIN

perly proportioned thereto. In the entire war program to date, there is no indication of the former, and, as already pointed out, the latter consideration is entirely ignored. The average commodity price is too low in relation to the level of pay in the public and skilled labor services. The millions of people who are dependent on primary production in

this country are despoiled by a policy of freezing rates at those reached in the depression, and now the property owners are being added to their number.

The rental action, therefore, is a crude makeshift. Perhaps it will prevent an owner in Parry Sound or Brandon from charging \$50 a month for premises for which \$30 a month would be adequate from all viewpoints. On the other hand it will not compel a tenant to pay \$50 a month for premises for which \$30 is inadequate from all viewpoints. If this were a genuine control, instead of a restriction, it would work both ways, in a land which believes in justice to all and favor to none.

Perpetuates Injustice

In seeking to prevent extortionate charges in a few instances (the possibility of which is not denied) it perpetuates the extortion which has been practised on the landlord for many years, on the one hand by the tenant who squeezes out of him too much value for the money paid, and on the other hand by the municipality which imposes on him a fictitious assessment and an exorbitant rent.

It does nothing to relieve the scarcity, because the government is using all the money it can raise for the war, and it probably would not allow anyone to charge the kind of rent that would be needed to amortize within a few years a building put up especially for the needs of one of our war communities. In short, it is part and parcel of the broad scheme which embraces the excess profits tax, 70 cent wheat control, and numerous other features designed to squeeze down the earnings of production as near as possible to the earnings of labor, with as little as possible for the owner of capital.

Of course the less attractive are the fields of real estate, industrial enterprise and other forms of capital investment, the more should be the disposition to invest in government bonds at three per cent. But this plan does not jibe with the objective of curtailing consumption. If we want the citizen to consume as little as possible, then we must induce him to save as much as possible. To do this he must be attracted to capital investment, whether in property, industry or government bonds. A fair interest rate is necessary to attain the maximum degree of saving and investment. A low interest rate backed up by a lot of controls, depressions and compulsions, will not do it with lasting success. No major war has ever been financed with three per cent money, nor will this one be so financed.

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

A Ban on New Models?

BY P. M. RICHARDS

THE government is about to place a wartime prohibition on the production of new models of automobiles, radios, refrigerators and other "durable" consumers' goods, it is understood. The idea is to remove the new-model stimulus to buying and thus to reduce civilian consumption and make more purchasing power and productive capacity available for war purposes, and also to eliminate the extra productive effort, with its special demands on machine tools and skilled workers such as diemakers, that the introduction of new models requires. Presumably the ban would first apply to 1942 new models, as those for 1941 are, in most cases, already in production.

This is the kind of prohibition that is reasonable enough in wartime, when the first essential is to win the war, and one which calls for a very minor sacrifice on the part of the public. But even so, it is probably a matter for the attention of the professional viewers-with-alarm, who may see in it an instrument of government policy that can be seriously misused. Critics may justifiably ask if such a ban, instituted to promote the all-important war economy, may not be continued or re-instituted after the war for reasons much more controversial.

For instance, there is the problem of technological unemployment. This is not serious at the moment, because of the war needs for skilled and not-so-skilled labor, but it has been serious enough in recent years and will, we may expect, be more so than ever after the war when munitions production stops or is sharply reduced.

War Speeds Science

War is a forcing-house for science and technology, and at the very time that industrial activity is declining there will be a host of new processes available to industry, which will be more productive and require less human labor than the old processes did. What is more likely than that the wartime ban on new models may then not only be revived but even extended to cover new labor-displacing processes?

We might permanently have a situation where an industrialist desiring to use a new process would first have to obtain a government permit to do so, with organized labor opposing its granting. What price

progress then? The industrialist making the application would be at a disadvantage in more respects than one; he would be less influential than labor, in voting power at least, and the social gains from his new process (in respect of a lower price and wider distribution of his product) would be prospective rather than real, while the labor displacement would be an immediate actuality.

Would Henry Ford have been able to manufacture his horseless carriage, if labor had been as strongly organized then as it is today? He could not prove, when the carriage-makers were losing their jobs, that the automobile industry was going to provide several times as much employment as the carriage industry ever did.

Undermine Employment

When the grave needs of the moment are considered, it may seem to be borrowing trouble to suggest that a wartime ban on new models might mean the undermining of the basis of employment and prosperity at the very time that the need for re-employment will be greatest, and even develop into a permanent check to economic progress. But this is possible. When the war ends, hundreds of thousands of returned soldiers will be trying to get re-established in civil life at a moment when industrial activity is decreasing rapidly because of the cessation of war orders. A New Deal-minded public will demand that the government manage the economy in such a way as to provide jobs for all, and the banning of new labor-saving machines and processes will be a logical extension of the banning of new models of durable goods.

We can't afford to halt the use of new processes in industry because they are the means to greater efficiency in production, lower costs and prices, and thereby to larger markets and increased employment. And we are going to need all the production and employment we can create to take care of our post-war taxes as well as our returned soldiers.

The prohibition of new models is a particularly dangerous tool because it happens to accommodate itself to misuse.



Britain Needs Better Propaganda for Exports

BY GILBERT C. LAYTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

Britain needs much more propaganda for her export trade, propaganda to tell overseas markets that never before has the world's greatest trading nation so exerted herself in matters of export, that never before were her overseas customers so certain to get exactly what they want at a price which accords with their own idea.

GREAT BRITAIN must preserve two aspects to the outside world. She is fundamentally a fortress and her mask is an iron mask, showing utter determination and utter devotion to the cause of winning the war. But there is another face which must not be hidden. Great Britain in this aspect is a vast multiple store, producing an infinite variety of goods from pins to pantalets, and offering them at competitive prices in overseas countries.

It is this latter face which is in great need of a little touching up. At the moment it appears to the world as a rather haggard reflection of that other determined visage. It is the job of propaganda to let the world know that precisely because Great Britain is at war, and needs all the foreign exchange she can get, she has exerted herself into the position where she really can act, not merely as a substitute for the old purveyors of goods to their accustomed markets, but in the form of a merchant imbued with fresh initiative, casting his net in fresh directions, cutting his prices to new low levels, heightening the efficiency of his operations nearer to perfection, adjusting the articles supplied to the types needed in each market with an exact precision.

But it is necessary that, not only should the stimulation on the home industrial and trading front be brought to the highest point, but also that British propaganda should tell the world what is going on and what it means. This should be no difficult task. It is merely a question of telling the demonstrable truth that never before has the world's greatest trading nation so exerted herself in matters of export, that never before were her overseas customers so certain to get exactly what they want at a price which accords with their own idea. Yet the propaganda so far applied has been woefully lacking in intensity, in dissemination and in preparation.

Need New Organization

The country's exporting industries are each grouped and have their special committees to deal with export problems, and there is a general representation on the Export Council, which has the strong backing of the government. But an ordinary trader finds it pays to plan his advertising as closely and carefully as he does his production technique, and there is on the propaganda side only the Ministry of Information and, presumably, the publicity department of the Board of Trade itself. Exports are undoubtedly suffering from this failure to let international trade know what Great Britain is doing.

The remedy should be easy. The Ministry of Information has shown itself so lacking in doing its basic function that it would be unwarranted extravagance to institute within its control anything more than the modest department of commercial relations which is already housed there. What is needed is a completely new organization, acting with full powers, adequately and appropriately staffed, with its fingers on every market in the world and with its inspirations constantly fed by contact with all the trade groups at home. Such an organization would conduct propaganda everywhere there was a market to buy, and it would do so on the principle that it is always necessary to

speak to a man in a language that he understands. Its program of propaganda to sell British goods to Argentina would be something very different from its selling program in Turkey. And its program to sell textiles would be different from its program to sell coal.

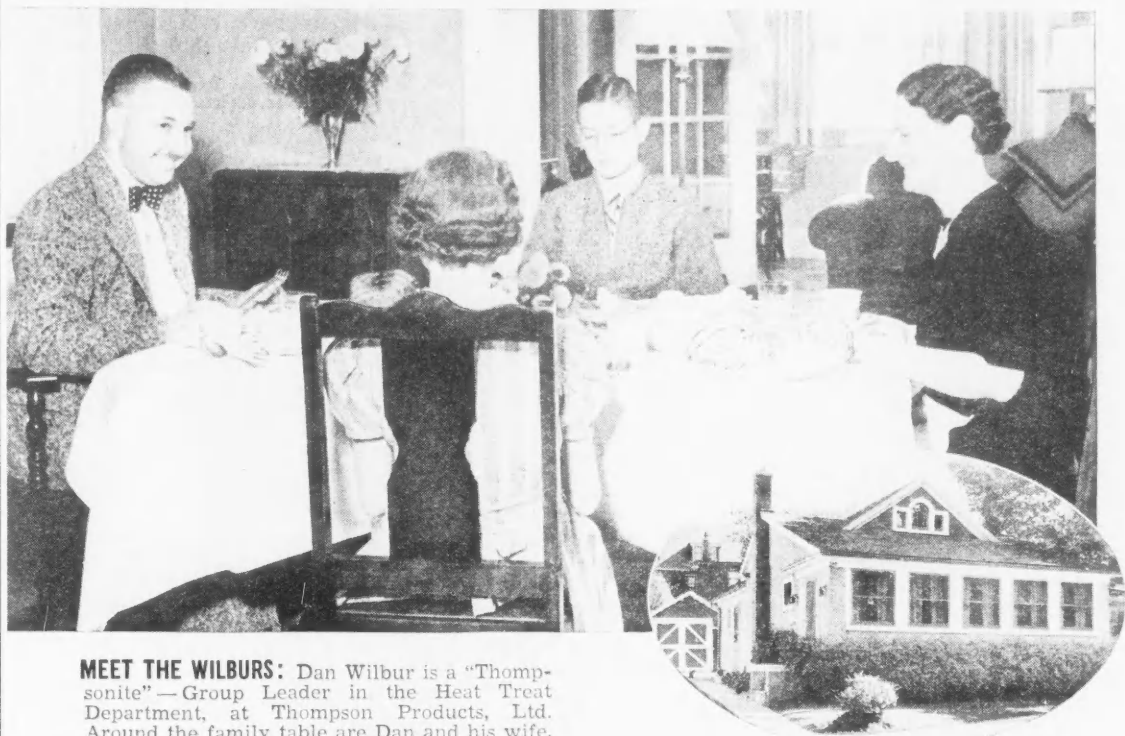
From Great Britain's point of view

there is a real need to increase the volume of foreign exchange derived from the export markets. It is true, as Mr. Keynes has pointed out, that so far no appreciable inflation has developed, and it is true that there is a great volume of foreign assets which could be liquidated to bridge the gap between revenue and ex-

penditure. But it is not Great Britain's policy to live on her own fat. If exports can be brought to the point where they bridge a large part of the gap between income and expenditure, then more will have been done than to conserve our foreign assets and to obviate the need for difficult schemes designed to prevent infla-

tion by reducing purchasing power. There will be established a permanent fabric of international trade to serve the country well in the period of post-war reconstruction.

All this needs propaganda to the highest degree. Great Britain must not merely make the goods and explore the markets, she must also talk,



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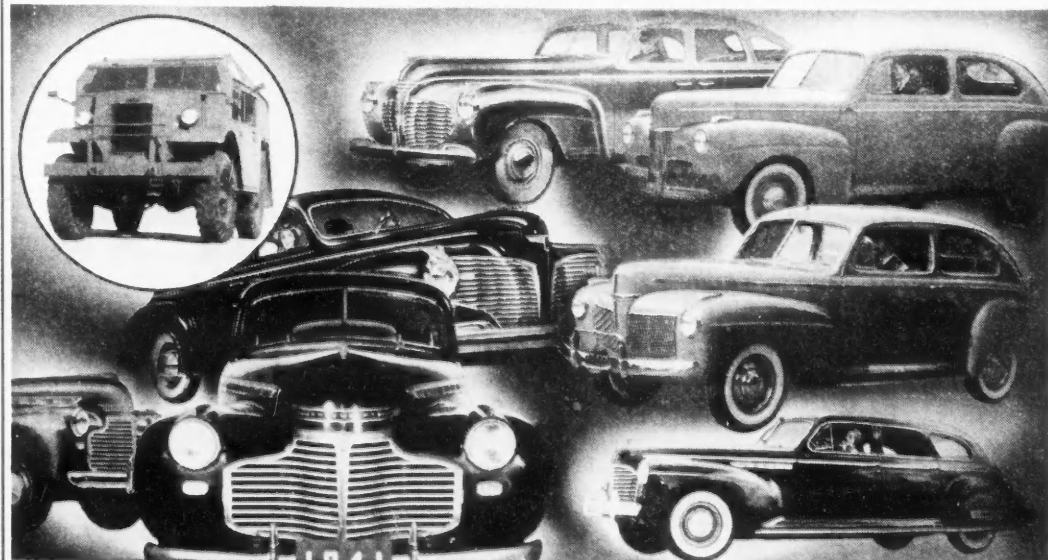
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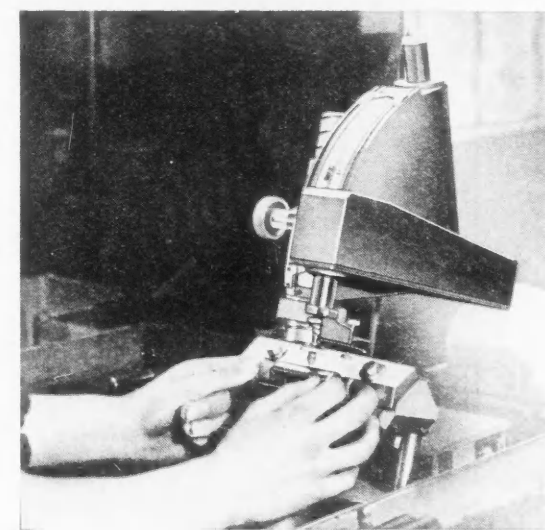
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—M. N. M., Toronto, Ont.

As having attraction for income coupled with limited appreciation possibilities.

In the first 9 months of the current year, operating profits showed a moderate gain over the similar period of 1939; net profits, I understand, are problematical because of the uncertainty as to the demands which increased taxation will make upon the company's revenues. Indications are that the improvement will continue for some time as the increased purchasing power, which will result from better business conditions makes itself felt. Profits so far have not been affected adversely by the premium on United States currency; film rentals are made in Canada from Canadian subsidiaries and are paid for in Canadian funds.

Famous Players Canadian Corporation is the largest operator of motion picture theatres in Canada, owning, leasing or controlling through subsidiaries, approximately 145 theatres with a total seating capacity of about 165,400. Other companies in which it is interested operate 157 theatres with a seating capacity of 129,270.

BROULAN

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Do you consider the stock of Broulan Porcupine a good investment at present prices?

—N. K. F., North River, P.E.I.

Broulan Porcupine offers speculative attraction at present prices. Earnings are substantial and already a dividend of three cents a share has been paid. After paying this and cost of mill construction and equipment, the company will have a good surplus toward its second dividend. Production is running approximately \$100,000 a month, with operating profit around \$40,000, which should be higher when its own mill commences operating. Ore reserves are sufficient to supply a 300-ton mill for over five years and development work is proving all sizeable blocks of ore to be better, both in grade and tonnage, than was first estimated. It must be remembered, however, that the ore zone shows a tendency to dip into the adjoining Pamour property.

GOLDEN GATE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I am holding several hundred shares of Golden Gate Mines, Limited, and am informed that the company is making no headway whatever. I have been advised to exchange these shares for Baghdad Larder. Will you please advise me as to this transaction and if you think either one has any possibilities as a dividend paying mine?

—D. D., Sarnia, Ont.

While unable to forecast the dividend possibilities of Golden Gate Mining Co., I would be inclined to continue holding the shares. Baghdad Larder has not reported any activity for some time, apparently due to lack of finances, while at Golden Gate, production has been running over \$20,000 monthly and is more than breaking even. Officials are hopeful that substantial orebodies will be disclosed at depth and when developments justify it, only a small expenditure will be necessary to double the present milling rate of 70 tons daily. Ore reserves are said to be sufficient for a year's milling. Three new levels have been established and initial drifting on the 725-foot horizon has opened 75 feet of ore grading about \$15 per ton across a width of four to five feet. On the 600-foot level there

is an ore length of 250 feet, with the average grade above \$17 per ton.

Golden Gate has increased its holdings on the strike of the favorable structure by about 400 acres through acquisition of the Crescent Kirkland property and it is reported high grade ore has already been opened on the newly acquired ground.

CHESTERVILLE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I would appreciate a brief comment on earnings of Chesterville Larder Lake. When is a dividend likely? I bought a few shares some time ago at your suggestion and since hear that profits are showing improvement.

—S. O. W., Regina, Sask.

Earnings of Chesterville Larder Lake have shown a marked improvement in recent months due to treatment of a higher tonnage, reduction in costs and a better grade of ore. Net earnings of about 20 cents a share are suggested for the present fiscal year, but the current annual earnings rate which is available for dividends, is equivalent to about 30 cents per share.

The company now has all bank loans paid off, is building up a cash position and an initial dividend will likely be declared before the end of the year, possibly in December, for payment in January. The amount of the first distribution will probably be three cents a share rather than the five cents which has generally been expected, due to the investment of \$100,000 in supplies to safeguard the company against a possible shortage. If expectations of earnings are realized, and even after allowing for maintenance of reasonable working capital, early establishment of quarterly payments of five cents a share appear justified.

STANDARD PAVING

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I have been advised to keep my eye on the preferred stock of Standard Paving. How do you rate this stock?

—S. J. B., Edmonton, Alta.

As a speculation on the extent to which the company will benefit from war-time demand.

When municipal and Federal authorities suspended all road construction for the duration of the War, Standard Paving seemed to be "on the spot", for such work is the big source of its revenue. However, the construction of Government airports and flying fields throughout Canada is tiding it over nicely and I understand that while operations for the 6-



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LEITCH GOLD MINES LIMITED

(No Personal Liability)
DIVIDEND NO. 9

Notice is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of two cents per share has been declared by the Directors of this Company payable in Canadian funds on November 15th, 1940, to shareholders of record at close of business, October 31st, 1940.

By order of the Board: H. J. MACKAY, Sec.-Treas.
October 21st, 1940.

Clarkson, Gordon, Dilworth & Nash

TORONTO MONTREAL HAMILTON WINNIPEG VANCOUVER

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GOLD & DROSS

months period ended September 30, 1940, were "spotty", results were slightly ahead of the corresponding period of 1939. The company recently completed one airport at Sydney, N.S., and more contracts are expected. The semi-annual dividend of 31½ cents per preferred share, which was due early in October, was deferred, so that arrears now amount to 62½ cents per share.

MONETA

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Can you tell me why Moneta Porcupine has been going up so? Has the picture at this mine changed any?

C. G. M., New Westminster, B.C.

No, the picture at the Moneta Porcupine Mines property has not shown any change. Not much success has attended the efforts to find new ore to replace that being mined and milled, but an energetic exploration campaign is proceeding which may yet change the situation. At the beginning of the year it was estimated ore reserves were sufficient for two years' milling but will likely last longer. Recent interest in the stock can be attributed to the fact that 20 claims have been staked in the Savant Lake area.

CENTRAL MATACHEWAN

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Can you give me some information about Central Matachewan Mining Corporation?

H. S., Three Rivers, Que.

Central Matachewan Mining Corporation, which has been inactive for some time, recently announced arrangements to raise finances to complete a diamond drilling campaign on a new vein on the Baden township

property. Work is to be commenced as soon as possible and officials believe that between 5,000 and 6,000 feet of drilling should be sufficient to warrant shaft sinking.

The company owns its own diamond drilling equipment, which is capable of sinking to a depth of 900 feet. In addition to the group of claims in Baden township on which present work is to be concentrated, ground is also held in Powell township, in the same area.

HUTCHISON LAKE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

If you can tell me anything about Hutchison Lake Gold Mines and particularly if enough work has been done to prove that it has the "makings," I will appreciate it.

S. O. C., Trail, B.C.

The Newmont Mining Corporation of New York was reported recently as having reached an agreement by which operations were to be resumed at Hutchison Lake Gold Mines. However, no mention of the deal was made at the Hutchison annual meet-



WOMEN of Britain carry on when their men are with the Forces, even doing heavy work in railway freight yards.

ing, and I understand it has fallen through. There seems to have been some difference of opinion between the shareholders as to the proposal. A reorganization of the company appears inevitable but the present policy is to await a more attractive offer. Considerable work was done last year by Howey Gold Mines and this was said to have outlined three possible ore shoots.

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

BY HARUSPEX

The cyclical or major direction of stock prices was last confirmed as downward. The short-term movement was confirmed as upward on June 12 and reconfirmed on September 4.

POLITICAL CLEAVAGE TRANSCENDS PARTY

A majority of the presidential elections in the United States of the present century have been more a question of personalities than of any fundamental difference in the political or economic philosophies and practices of the two major parties. Even the two party platforms of 1932, and the avowals of the two candidates in that year, were not particularly at variance.

After induction into office in 1933, however, Mr. Roosevelt chose to read his platform and campaign promises backwards, with the result that a definite cleavage in American political objectives has developed that transcends party lines. The issue, as General Hugh S. Johnson has indicated, is one between free enterprise and regimented socialism and it is being fought out this year between Mr. Willkie, a former Democrat, and Mr. McNary, a Republican, on the one side; Mr. Roosevelt, a Democrat, and Mr. Wallace, a former Republican, on the other.

MARKETS MORE THAN USUALLY INTERESTED

Accordingly, this year's election outcome holds a considerably greater interest to investment markets than has been true of most elections. Mr. Roosevelt's return to office, under the circumstances, would be an adverse development, but probably would not act in the nature of a shock. This is because the market has been in process of discounting, over the past eight years, the trend toward socialism, and, furthermore, is even now probably assuming, and hence discounting, Mr. Roosevelt's re-election.

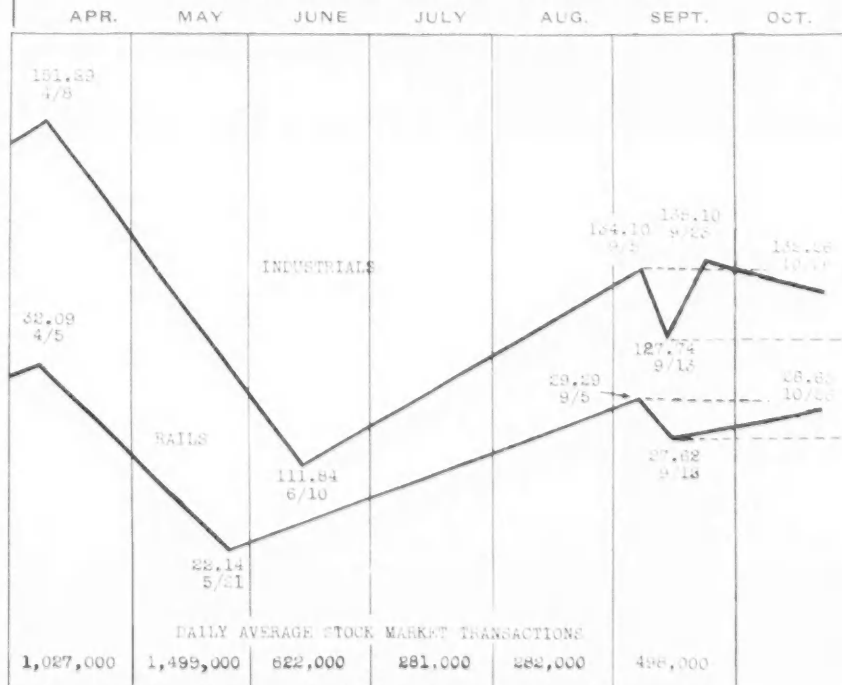
To the contrary, Mr. Willkie's election would be in the nature of a shock and, were the depressant war influence not present, would probably react quite favorably on the price structure. With the war uncertainty here, however, and problems relating to it requiring attention immediately elections are over, there is some question as to how protracted a market advance could ensue under favorable domestic conditions.

POSSIBLE MARKET SIGNALS

In view of the above considerations, and the fact that the market has now been advancing for four or more months without serious interruption, we would regard any strength this week and immediately following the elections as an occasion for caution rather than for increased bullishness.

To the contrary, should sharp decline occur this week carrying into the 125-119 area on the industrial average, the 26-24 area on the rail average, we would regard the occasion as one favorable to the accumulation of stocks for a subsequent post-election rise. A decline carrying to the above mentioned figures would represent a normal technical correction of the four-month advance.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



Loblaws Groceries Co. Limited

NOTICE is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of 25 cents per share and a bonus of 12½ cents per share on the Class "A" shares, and a quarterly dividend of 25 cents per share and a bonus of 12½ cents per share on the Class "B" shares, the Company have been declared for the quarter ending November 30th, 1940, payable on the 2nd day of December, 1940, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 9th day of November, 1940. Transfer books will not be closed. Payment will be made in Canadian Funds.

By Order of the Board,

R. G. METCAL, Secretary.

Toronto, October 26th, 1940.

NORANDA MINES, LIMITED

DIVIDEND NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that an interim dividend of \$1.00 per share, payable in Canadian funds, has been declared by the directors of Noranda Mines, Limited, payable December 15th, 1940, to shareholders of record at the close of business November 30th, 1940.

By Order of the Board,

J. R. BRADFELD, Secretary.

Toronto, October 24th, 1940.

CANADA WIRE CABLE COMPANY

DIVIDEND NOTICES

PREFERRED DIVIDEND NO. 47.

TAKE NOTICE that the regular quarterly dividend of \$1.625 per share, on the outstanding Preferred Stock of the Company, for the three months' period ended November 30th, 1940, has been declared as Dividend No. 47, payable December 15th, 1940, to Shareholders of record at the close of business November 30th, 1940.

CLASS "A" DIVIDEND NO. 21.

ALSO TAKE NOTICE that a Dividend of \$1.00 per share on the outstanding Class "A" Common Shares of the Company has been declared as Dividend No. 21, payable December 15th, 1940, to Shareholders of record at the close of business November 30th, 1940.

CLASS "B" DIVIDEND NO. 11.

ALSO TAKE NOTICE that an Interim Dividend of 50 Cents per share on the outstanding Class "B" Common Shares of the Company has been declared as Dividend No. 11, payable December 15th, 1940, to Shareholders of record at the close of business November 30th, 1940.

By Order of the Board,

A. I. SIMMONS, Secretary.

Toronto, October 26th, 1940.

British Columbia Advances

The Honourable John Hart, Minister of Finance of British Columbia has stated that for the first five months of the present fiscal year, 1940-41, for the period April 1st to August 31st, 1940, current revenues totalled \$13,974,545.07, an increase of \$1,827,271.11 over and above the revenues for the corresponding period of the last fiscal year.

British Columbia's per capita annual income is 20% higher than the average for Canada. Dominion income taxes per capita total up to the Province of \$14.30 compare with the average \$3.20 in the Prairie and Maritime Provinces.

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Excerpts from the address of Sir Courtauld Thomson, KBE, CBE, Chairman at the annual general meeting, London, April 17, 1940



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1851 PACIFIC FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY	7,912,269.
1918 BANKERS & SHIPPERS INSURANCE CO.	7,228,837.
1910 JERSEY INSURANCE COMPANY	4,415,013.
1865 MILLERS NATIONAL INSURANCE CO.	7,014,075.
1873 LUMBERMEN'S INSURANCE COMPANY	4,969,546.
1835 STANSTEAD & SHERBROOKE FIRE INS. CO.	1,401,565.
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ABOUT INSURANCE

Public Need Enlightenment On Fire Insurance

BY GEORGE GILBERT

Arguments in favor of the establishment of municipal or provincial government insurance schemes are usually very plausible even if they are fallacious. The amounts paid by a municipality or a province in fire insurance premiums are on record and so are the amounts received in settlement of losses. In some cases, the figures would seem to indicate that the insurance companies have made a large profit in a certain municipality or province, while they have probably lost money in other territories.

Of course, the fundamental weakness of these proposed municipal and provincial self-insurance plans lies in the fact that neither a city nor a province provides a wide enough spread of risks for the safe and satisfactory transaction of a fire insurance undertaking. So far, the record of government insurance elsewhere has not been inspiring, and, accordingly, our municipal and provincial authorities should think twice before engaging in a business which is now capably administered at a reasonable cost by private enterprise.

IN RECENT years railroads and other public utilities, as well as large industrial undertakings, have found it highly beneficial, if not indeed essential to their continued successful operation, to take the people into their confidence by a campaign of enlightenment as to the inner workings of their business.

Along with these educational efforts, they have sometimes combined the policy of encouraging the purchase of their securities by customers and the public generally. As a result, a more sympathetic understanding of their problems and a more favorable public sentiment has been created, from which they have reaped corresponding benefits.

Insurance, and particularly fire and allied lines, would seem to be in need of some such treatment, if the troubles of the business are to become less instead of greater in the future. A wide dissemination of information about the merits, equities, and services performed by fire insurance is required in order to bring about a better public understanding, and so nip in the bud any movement for the further extension of government interference with or intrusion into the insurance business.

For instance, the public need enlightenment on the history of the various government insurance schemes which have been proposed or put into effect both in this country and across the line as a substitute for insurance by private institutions. The public must be informed that while theoretically there is nothing to prevent a province or municipality from carrying its own fire risks or from furnishing insurance to its citizens, practically nothing would be gained, as the chances are largely in favor of a higher cost to the community and poorer management than now results from the present system of carrying on insurance by men engaged in the business for a livelihood.

Experts Required

In engaging in the insurance business, a province would require the same clerical and expert personnel as would an insurance company. It would require inspectors, adjusters, accountants, underwriters and men qualified in the various departments of the business to the same extent as a private insurance company. But there would be a rather important difference, because those men would no doubt often be appointed for political reasons rather than on account of qualifications for the duties to be discharged.

Despite the claims made in certain quarters that insurance is one of the social services for which government "is peculiarly adapted if not inherently obligated," there is, as a matter of fact, no more reason why the government should carry on the business of insurance than why it should conduct any other business, such as a department store or a manufacturing plant.

Although fire insurance performs a social service, it is also a powerful

economic force, and is widely recognized as an indispensable auxiliary of property, trade and commerce, as without it the present great accumulations of property and the wide extension of industry and merchandising would not be possible.

Fire insurance is likewise a business requiring many expert services and a highly skilled executive organization capable of functioning smoothly, making prompt adjustment of losses and able to adapt itself readily and flexibly to meet the ever changing demands dictated by economic needs.

Insurance Taxes

Further, from the standpoint of taxation, fire insurance is a revenue producer for the various governments in Canada. Last year the total taxes paid by the Dominion registered Canadian fire insurance companies amounted to \$1,560,747.20, while the taxes paid in Canada by the British and foreign fire insurance companies operating under Dominion registry amounted to \$2,632,888.84, or a total tax bill of \$4,193,236.09.

It must be generally admitted that no government is "peculiarly adapted" to perform any business function, as it is essentially a political organization, and while, incidental to its political functions, it may have

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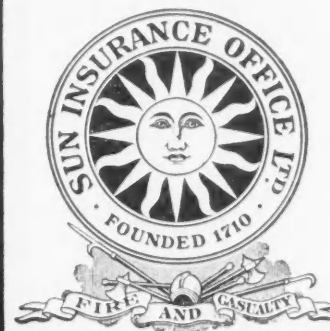


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ABOUT INSURANCE

very extensive business affairs to administer, which it may administer with varying degrees of ability, it does this, as a rule, with a standard of efficiency below that which obtains in privately owned business enterprises.

There is a reason for this. Often department heads as well as the government's chief executive officers have an element of insecurity in their tenure of office. Efficiency and business ability are seldom the most important consideration for election or for appointment. Subordinates are often appointed under a political reward system which gives the department head a very limited choice in selecting his assistants, and makes it difficult or impossible to discipline or discharge them. These conditions prevent attainment of the highest efficiency in the management and conduct of a government insurance business.

In the development of governmental organizations in recent years there has been a strenuous endeavor to keep abreast of the economic and social evolution taking place. In this process, old governmental machinery has been extended and enlarged, and new machinery, new boards and commissions have been established for regulating one thing or policing another, for conducting large educational, humanitarian, social and penal activities, and for rendering services more or less public in nature.

A great plant of land, buildings and machinery has been built up in various provinces, and a regular army of employees has been enlisted, all of which has involved the annual levy and expenditure of a large revenue and the heaping up of the public debt. All the threads of this big organization run through the legislature, the members of which are numerous, chosen by election at regular intervals from constituencies of moderate size, well equipped to reflect public opinion and to mould public policy in accordance therewith.

But these very elements which make the legislature a suitable law-making body, make it a poor business organization.

That is one of the reasons why the record of government insurance as a whole has not been inspiring.

New Toronto Manager of Sun Life

JAMES M. (Ted) Tory, C.L.U., has been appointed manager of the Toronto Queen Branch, Sun Life of Canada. Mr. Tory succeeds E. P. Higgins, C.L.U., who leaves Toronto

to assume a head office position. Mr. Tory is a graduate of the University of Toronto and has spent his entire business career with the Sun Life, which he joined as a member of the Toronto office staff in 1926. In 1934, in recognition of his marked ability, he was advanced to the post of agency assistant with the Toronto Queen Branch, of which he now becomes manager. A member of the Institute of Chartered Life Underwriters, Mr. Tory was early this year reappointed chairman of the executive council of the Institute. He is a son of John A. Tory, now a director of the Sun Life of Canada, who for thirty-one years was supervisor of Western Ontario agencies of the company, during which time he built the Western Ontario agency to be the largest single life insurance agency in the British Empire.

Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

I am told that a motorist who fails to satisfy a judgment against him for damage to property in excess of \$25 will have his license suspended until he gives proof of his financial responsibility. I thought the amount of damage to property must be in excess of \$100 and not \$25. Has a change been made in the law, and, if so, when did it take place?

—C. B. L., Hamilton, Ont.

In 1938 Subsection 1 of Section 79 of the Ontario Highway Traffic Act was amended by substituting \$25 for \$100, the effect of the amendment being to require the driver's license and owner's permit of every person who fails to satisfy a judgment rendered against him by any court in Ontario, or in any other province of Canada, for damages on account of injury to, or death of any person, or on account of damage to property in excess of \$25, to be suspended and to remain suspended until such person gives proof of his financial responsibility.

Mines

BY J. A. McRAE

BASE metal miners in Canada are turning toward the opinion that the United States will reach a stage in the not very distant future when duties against these metals may be reduced. In regard to copper in particular it is considered likely that the excise duty of four cents a pound against foreign copper going into the United States may receive early consideration. Just now the greater part of Canadian production of copper is being purchased by the British and Canadian governments under long-term contracts at a fixed price. However, the metal is being produced at a somewhat greater rate than contracts call for. Also, there is the production which formerly went to Japan and which has recently been banned from export to Tokio. Having in mind the large Canadian purchases of articles and machinery in the United States in which copper is used in the manufacture, it is regarded as somewhat severe that Canadian producers should have to pay an excise duty on the shipment of raw material to the United States at a time when the Canadian government is purchasing much of it back again in manufactured form.

Steep Rock Iron Mines in Northwestern Ontario is figuring in intense study by both company officials and the Ontario Government. The need for an abundant supply of hydro-electric energy is one of the subjects recently drawn to the attention of the provincial government. Meanwhile, engineers have been working on the question of ways and means of draining Steep Rock Lake which overlies the big iron deposit. It has been apparent from the beginning that several million dollars may be required to take care of drainage as well as electric power. The indications are that decisions may soon be announced.

Ventures, Ltd. has declared a dividend of 10 cents per share payable December 21, making a total of 15 cents paid in 1940.



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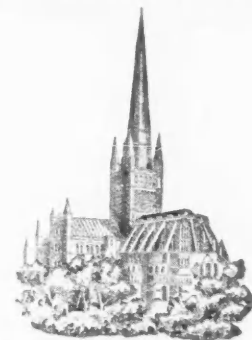
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To the experienced judge of paper, Superfine Linen Record needs no introduction, no recommendation save its own excellence. To him it feels, it looks, it is, the modern equivalent of medieval parchment, the finest medium for important communications. Unquestionably it is the most desired of letter paper among men of affairs, because its unusual beauty and richness of texture, crisp dignity and impressiveness command the attention and respect of those they seek to influence.

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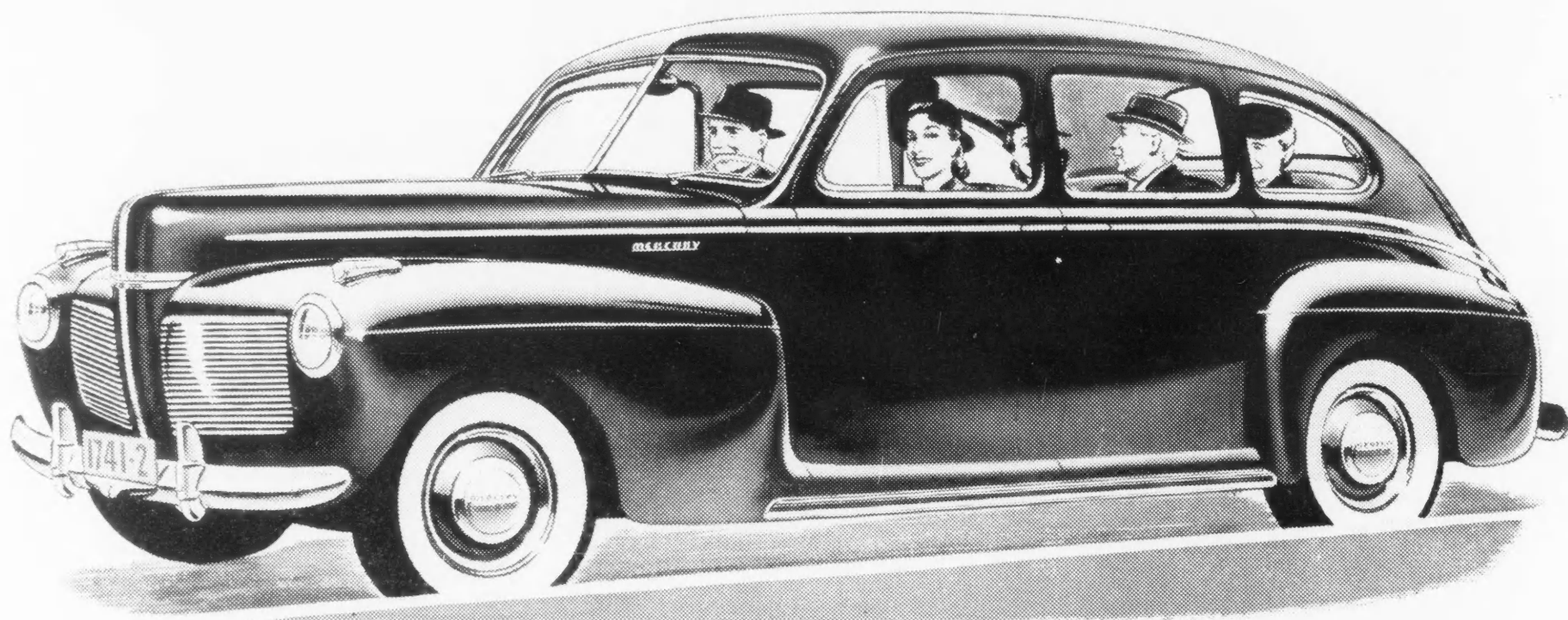
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Announcing the
Bigger, More Beautiful
MERCURY 8 FOR 1941



with no increase in price!*

NEWLY STYLED! Here's a BIG car that looks like a big car! Swift, air-cleaving streamlines add to the beauty of length and size! The masterful sweep of the Mercury's grille and hood make it stand out for style, as it stands out for performance and economy. And there's a wide choice of bright, new colours!

BIGGER THAN EVER! Always a big car, the Mercury for '41 is longer in wheelbase and interior dimensions, achieving a spaciousness you'd never expect in this price class! You'll like the wide doors, from floor to roof.

IMPROVED PERFORMANCE! New gear ratios in low and second make the Mercury 8 even more notable for flashing acceleration in '41! And the sensational story of Mercury economy—with owners reporting 20 to 25 miles per gallon—is still big news

SMOOTHER RIDE! New soft springs, larger tires, a perfected stabilizer and resilient seat cushions of foam rubber make the '41 Mercury ride a new adventure in smooth, level, luxurious comfort—with even greater quiet, achieved through new engine and body mountings!

BETTER VISION! For '41, Mercury windows have grown to "show-window" proportions, for better, safer vision. You'll miss little, if any, scenery when you're cruising in this "luxury eight!"

GREATER VALUE! Compare the new Mercury with other cars in its field—compare their price tags with the low Mercury prices for 1941. You'll find that *feature for feature—dollar for dollar* the Mercury offers *unequalled value!*

*Prices at factory remain unchanged. In some localities, delivered prices are increased approximately 1% due to higher freight costs.

**MERCURY ECONOMY
 IS 3-WAY ECONOMY**

Better Mileage! With a brilliant V-type, 8-cylinder motor, the Mercury achieves economy of mileage equaled by few 6-cylinder cars!

Freedom from Costly Repairs! Day-in-day-out dependability is another economy factor that makes the Mercury outstanding!

More Car per Dollar! Look at the Mercury—then look at the price tag! It's thrifty to get the most for your money—and that means Mercury for 1941!

Why Choose **between**
luxury and economy?

Get Both **in the new**
Mercury 8 for 1941.

ON DISPLAY AT THE FORD-MERCURY DEALERS'